

1½d.

Daily Mirror

No. 206.

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as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1904.

THE REASON OF A

2/6

FOUNTAIN PEN.

See Page 2.

One Halfpenny.

DENNIS, THE FAMOUS BOY PREACHER, AND HIS MOTHER.



Lonnie Dennis, the American boy preacher, who is making hundreds of converts in Holloway, where he is holding mission meetings. His mother is a coloured woman, and his father is of French and North American Indian birth. Lonnie Dennis is only ten years of age, but his eloquence in the pulpit is wonderful. He has preached since the age of four.

BIRTHS.

COSOR.—On June 29, at 53, Aberdeen-road, Highbury, N.W., the wife of Frank Cosor, of a son.
FORDHAM.—On June 29, at 9, Philimore-gardens, W., a son, and a daughter.
PASFIELD.—On June 29, 1904, at the Cottage, Derby-road, Woodford, the wife of George H. A. Pasfield, of a daughter.
VOGEL.—On June 29, at West Point, Craven Park, Willesden, N.W., the wife of P. J. Vogel, of a daughter (still-born).

MARRIAGES.

GAMBLE—PRANCE.—On June 28, at St. Andrew's Church, Cheshunt, the Hon. Archibald Gamble, M.P., D.D., V.O., Hon. Chaplain to the King, Rear-Admiral Edward Harpur Gamble, C.B., to Charlotte Mainwaring Prince, third daughter of William Henry Prince, of 12, Grosvenor-park, Plymouth.
STEWART—FITZGERALD.—On June 29, at St. Peter's Church, Chichester, the Hon. Sir George H. S. Stewart, Vice-Chairman of the British Stewarts, late Royal Engineers, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, of Williamsburg, New Jersey, to Miss Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of the late James Fitzgerald, and younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luigi Labiche, of 51, Albany-street, N.Y.

DEATHS.

BERGER.—On June 28, 1904, at Cranford Lodge, Reigate, Lewis Curwood Berger, aged 90. R.I.P.
FOLLIARD.—On June 28, at 10, Grosvenor-park, Edinburgh, Alexander Reginald Folliard, aged 70, youngest son of the late George Forbes West Coates, Edinburgh, and grandson of Sir Alexander Folliard, of Pitlochry, Perthshire. Friends will please accept this (the only) intimation.
GOORICH.—On June 29, at 186, Portland-road, Maidstone, Kent, in his 74th year, Arthur Mathews Goudrich, funeral at Kensal Green Cemetery, tomorrow, at 3.30 p.m. No flowers, by special request. Friends will kindly accept this the only intimation.

PERSONAL.

MABEL A. to Ernest.—Do write this week.
CATSEYE.—When am I going to hear? I want you, darling.
C.—Don't trouble; will obtain help from another quarter.—C. M.
BAPTIST.—Impossible, watched. Town in fortnight; wait. Letter Shrewsbury.
CHILDREN.—Come home, dear. All children asking for you.—D.O.T.
ALICE.—Shall fight till last penny gone. Had best opinion in London. Absolutely binding; but remember, not one word ever against you, and you are not bound to make any payment for house or to give you yesterday. You can saw marriage of "H" in paper; prove it.
SA.—SWAN.—Left in the morning. Household, w. on Monday. 27th, small cardboar roll containing photographs.—Call Hall Porter, Windham Hall, St. James's-square, S.W. 1.
LOST.—Opera glass. June 8, in Queen's Hall.—Reward two guineas if returned to 19, Granville-place, W.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be sent to the office on Saturday afternoon, and sent by order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Addressee Advertising Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st, London.

SHIPPING, TOURS, Etc.

LONDON TO NORWAY.—WILSON LINE
HOLIDAY TOURS: first-class throughout 10 days, 8½ guineas; 17 days, 20½ guineas. Detailed handbook from W. E. BOTT AND CO., 1, East India-av. E.C.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET: TO-NIGHT at 9. LADY FLIRT. Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOD. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30. IMPERIAL THEATRE: MR. LEWIS WALLER, TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 9. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAYS AT 3. MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONERS. Preceded at 8.15 by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

SHAFTESBURY: EVERY EVENING at 6.15. MR. FREDERIC PENN, Co. in THE PRINCE OF PILSEN. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 8. Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER LAST NIGHTS OF THE SEASON. TO-NIGHT at 9. SATURDAY TO MONDAY. By Frederick Penn and Richard Price. 8.30. O'P O' ME THUMBS. By Frederick Penn and Richard Price. LAST MATINEE, WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.30.

THE OXFORD VESTE TILLEY. Yukio Tani, Alida, and Hanson, Geo. Mort, Anna Victoria, Joe O'Gorman, Bill Daly, Ernest Shanley, and others. Box Office open 11 to 5. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

CRYSTAL PALACE: TO-DAY. GREAT SPORTS EXHIBITION. Lacrosse Match at 3.30 on Cycle Track. Tennis, Essex Quash Match, 4.30 p.m. of Notre Dame, 18. THEATRE, at 4.0 and 8. Sir Maxon's Captive Flying Machine. Bands of H.M. Colours, Cavalry Band, Water Chute, Rapids, Topsy-Turvy Railway, and other attractions.

WORKERS' THEATRE: TO-MORROW at 9.15. Messrs. C. T. BROCK. Colonial Drama, and Japanese War.

Table-d'hot lunches and dinners in the new dining-rooms overlooking the grounds and firework displays. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. Ltd. Caterers by appointment.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL. THE WORLD'S GREECO-ROMAN CHAMPIONSHIP. On Saturday, July 2. G. HACKENBROCH, Champion of Europe, will Wrestle.

TOM JENKINS, the American Champion, for the Champion of the World, and a Stake of £2,500. A Grand Display of Wrestling.

Yukio Tani, Madrali, Seifried, Pieri, Tom Cannon, George Barker, Bartoletti, etc. In addition a Great Display will be given by Prof. Bertzrand, Prof. Vigay, and Miss Sanderson.

Doors open 7 p.m. Display commences 8 p.m. Championship Contest 9.30 p.m.

Fees of Admission: Stalls, £3 5s. and 25s.; arena and balcony, £1 10s.; boxes, £1 1s.; balcony, £1 1s.; balcony, £1 1s.; boxes, £1 1s.; balcony, £1 1s.; gallery, 5s. Seats may be booked at the Royal Albert Hall and at the usual Theatre Ticket Offices, Libraries, and "Sportsmen's" Office.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870. 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st, Within, E.C. 1. London, and 23, Bedford-st, Charing Cross, W.C. 1. London. Assets, £3,077,790. Liabilities, £285,684. Capital, £12,110. The bank is open from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. account banking. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per annum.

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The bank deposit book may be used as a safe deposit box, and is a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Southerly to westerly breezes; a few local thunderstorms, then fair and warm again.

Lighting-up time: 9.18 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth generally.

THE WAR.

In a message from Liao-yang it is stated that the Japanese forces are advancing on that place along the eastern road, and, although General Count Keller will endeavour to frustrate the movement, the object of the Japanese is clearly to cut the communications in the rear of the main Russian army south of Liao-yang. Intermittent fighting marks the Japanese advance from the south, but in each case the Russians retire northwards. (P. 3)

The Vladivostok squadron has left port again, this time shelling Gensan, on the east coast of Korea, where they sank a steamer and a sailing ship. At Port Arthur the Japanese have advanced to within eight miles of the forts. (Page 3)

GENERAL.

His Majesty the King left Kiel for England at twenty minutes to seven yesterday morning. (Page 3)

Her Majesty the Queen paid an informal visit to the London docks and warehouses yesterday afternoon. (Page 3)

It is believed that at the Cabinet meeting the question of expediting the progress of the Licensing Bill, the Chinese labour difficulties, and the Opposition obstruction tactics were chiefly discussed. (Page 3)

Enthusiasm at the congress reached its highest yesterday, when, before 6,000 Salvationists, General Bill, the Chinese labour difficulties, and the Opposition obstruction tactics were chiefly discussed. (Page 3)

Piggott, the "Clapton Messiah," is to be sum-

moned to attend as a jurymen at the next inquest in the Spaxton district. (Page 4.)

To save their comrades from being deprived of all leave, the Eton boys who went to Sandown Park races on Saturday have confessed. They are to be swished. (Page 4.)

JAMES GILL, the Newry steeplejack, has outwitted the police again. He left his "bed of sickness" and returned to the lofty chimney-stack. (Page 4.)

LOINIE T. DENNIS, an American boy preacher, is drawing enormous audiences in a tent at Holloway. (Page 11.)

Stock Exchange business suffered, owing to the attraction at Lord's. The tone of the markets was good, and Consols were better, influencing for the good " gilt-edged" securities. Home Railways went up, but American Railways were featureless. Nelson's improved. Kaffirs were cheerful, "bears" buying back. (Page 6.)

To-morrow the Lord Mayor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Curzon, and Lord Charles Beresford, will be entertained at an "At Home" on the Buzzard. (Page 4.)

Her weight of three tons being too much for the woodwork, a baby elephant fell through the stage at the Leeds Empire, and her "cake-walk" performances have been cancelled. (Page 4.)

In some mysterious manner the parish register of Stoke Damerel, Devon, found its way to a London auction room. The auctioneers refused to sell it. (Page 5.)

LAW AND CRIME.

In the Hooley case at Bow-street, Colonel Josiah Harris protested against being subpoenaed to give evidence against the fallen financier, with whom, he said, he had never had any business dealings. (Page 5.)

Having changed her legatee three times, the will of an elderly and very eccentric lady named Miss Laura Wolley is being hotly contested in the Law Courts. (Page 5.)

After two hours' deliberation the jury at Appleby found Elizabeth Nicholson not guilty of the charge of poisoning her late master, James Gilpin, a retired farmer. (Page 5.)

Found guilty of perjury in the unsuccessful breach of promise action she brought against Major-General Fitz-Hugh, Mrs. Sophia Annie Watson, the ex-convict, was, at the Old Bailey, sentenced to four years' penal servitude. (Page 5.)

SPORT.

Rock Sand won the Princess of Wales's Stakes in a canter at Newmarket, and Sunridge carried off the July Cup after a great race with Cossack. (Page 14.)

Playing against Lancashire, Iremonger hit up another great score. (Page 15.)

The death is announced of Tom Emmett, the famous old Yorkshire cricketer. (Page 15.)

FINANCE.

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"I have two pens which cost me 38/- together," writes Mr. F. Proctor, of 8, Broad Street, Teddington, S.W., "and they are simply nowhere alongside a 'Mirror' Pen. I have recommended friends to send for them at once. As a last word, I can only say that the pen is like the paper—the 'Mirror.' I mean excellent and right up-to-date."

THIS IS WHY YOU GET THIS OPPORTUNITY.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to

PEN DEPARTMENT,

The "Daily Mirror,"

2, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

I enclose P.O. for 2s. 7½d., for which please send

"D.M." Fountain Pen to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

N.B.

SEND SIXPENCE MORE and we will also send you a PEN POCKET CASE. You may purchase the pen at the West End Office for Small Advertisements of the "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

Auctions.

Every Plot Sold on the First and Second Sections.

Second Sale on the Third Section.

NEWHALL, ON THE SEASIDE.

MOUNT PLEASANT, situated close to station, harbour, and pier; grand views of the sea and surrounding country. Price £1,000.

MESSRS. PROTHEROE AND MORRIS will

OFFER 150 PLOTS OF FREEHOLD BUILDING

LAND in marques on the Estate on MONDAY July 4, 1904, at 2 p.m. Plots and rail tickets free.

Apply.

THE LAND COMPANY, 68, Cheapside, E.C.

HOUSES, OFFICES, ETC., TO LET.

CLAPHAM Court, Lord's, Clapham, London: charming suite of six rooms, with scullery and back entrance; fitted electric light, gas, and blinds; tiled hearth, etc.; rent £120 per week; seven minutes from Electric and Chatham railways.

DUNBLANE: your landlord can spend the money to let house in your own name. Send postcard to this address, 3, Brushfield-st, London, E.C.

HOUSE to let, furnished, with 4 large bedrooms, large

front room, drawing-room, kitchen, etc.; rent £120 per week; company's own motor-bus to station in four minutes; company's own motor-bus to station in four minutes.—Apply to F. G. Hall, Standard Market, E.C.

WIMBLEDON: Villas to let, or sale on easy terms; rents

from £35; handsome elevations; tastefully decorated; electric light and fittings; sand and gravel soil; Polytechnic Estate; garden; drawing-room, etc.; rent £120 per week; company's own motor-bus to station in four minutes.—Apply to the Land Company, 68, Cheapside, E.C.

Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

FIRST Sale, new Estate, near Southend-on-Sea; large

portion sold privately, remainder for Auction. Thursday, July 7, practically without reserve; acres and large

plots; splendid opportunities for poultry farms, fruit, and market gardens; large houses allowed.

Apply now, ready, post-free.—Apply to The Land Company, 68, Cheapside, E.C.

MORNING SALES, £450—Semi-detached villas, 5 bed

rooms, and every convenience; 95 years' lease; £26

ground rent; close Hither-green Station.—Apply Mr. Donald

96, Manor Park, Lee, S.E.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A.—"How Money Makes Money"—Post free to all

mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody

with £1 capital upwards how large profits may be made.

B.—"How to Make Money"—Post free to all mention-
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C.—"How to Make Money"—Post free to all men-
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P.—"How to Make Money"—Post free to all men-
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WE do not say from to-day onwards there is going to

be a revolution between now and the end of June American Railway Shares should be selling many points higher. This is what we think our clients will think. Many of us

are not so sure. We can have equally good information if you will communicate with us. Send at once to James Winter, 30, Upper Brook-st, Ipswich, Central. Telegrams: Bulegic, London. Telephone: 1,755 Central.

ED.—To £1,000. Advanced to householders and others on short notice; no securities required; trade bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere write or call on Robert Under, J. Vincent, 14, Edgware-road, London, N.W.

ED.—Graduate will receive gentlemen as paying guest; terms £25, to £26, weekly.—Cantab., 12, Walpole-gardens, Twickenham.

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ED.—Graduate

RUSSIAN SEDAN IN SIGHT.

Japanese Threaten To Cut Off Kuropatkin's Army.

ANOTHER SEA RAID.

Russians Sink Two Japanese Ships Off Korea.

The most important move of the Japanese land forces is indicated in the report that their troops are advancing upon Liao-yang (the Russian base) by the eastern road.

It is believed that General Count Keller will try to bar the way, but it is clear that a determined effort is being made to cut off the communications of the main Russian forces, which are believed to be concentrated on the railway near Haicheng, midway between Liao-yang and Newchwang.

Fighting continues south of Kaiping, as the result of which the Russians are gradually retiring northwards.

It is estimated that General Kuropatkin has about 125,000 troops between Kaiping and Mukden, and that opposed to these are about 240,000 Japanese.

ADVANCE ON LIAO-YANG.

Attempt To Cut the Russian Communications.

LIAO-YANG, Wednesday.
The Japanese have forced the passage of the Mo-tien-ling Pass, and are advancing upon Liao-yang by the eastern road.

A Russian force, under the command of General Count Keller, is holding a fortified position commanding the road on this side of the pass.

The object of the Japanese is to cut the Russians' communications to the north of Liao-yang, while General Kuropatkin is operating with practically the whole of the Russian force in the vicinity of Haicheng.—Reuter's Special Service.

200 RUSSIANS KILLED.

General Kuropatkin reports to the Tsar that on the 27th inst. the Russians occupied Sen-yu-cheng, but later, the Japanese occupied the town, the Russians retiring northwards.

There was fighting on the 26th and 27th at Seudyan, when the Japanese were repulsed and the Japanese batteries silenced. About 200 Russians were killed.

General Kuropatkin adds that the advance from Fen-shui-ling to Mo-tien-ling continues.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

Sen-yu-cheng is below Kaiping (or Kaichau), south of Newchwang.

PARIS, Thursday.

The "Echo de Paris," confirms the report that General Kuropatkin has retreated, and that Kai-ping has been evacuated.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

RUSSIANS SHELL GENSAN.

Two Japanese Vessels Sunk in the Harbour.

SEOUL, Thursday.

Official intelligence has been received here that the Vladivostok squadron, consisting of three cruisers and ten destroyers and torpedo boats, appeared off Gensan to-day, and threw 180 shells into the settlement.—Reuter's Special Service.

In an official report from Tokio issued at the Japanese Legation in London, it is stated that the Russian warships sank one steamship and one sailing vessel. Then they rejoined the three ships outside the harbour and disappeared. Two Koreans and two soldiers were slightly wounded.

NEWCHWANG, Thursday.

An official of the Russo-Chinese Bank here states that the Vladivostok fleet has been partially destroyed.—Reuter's Special Service.

Gensan (or Wonsan) is the most important town on the coast of Korea.

RIVAL FORCES FACING.

ROME, Thursday.

A dispatch received from Chifu states that the Japanese have advanced to within eight miles of the forts at Port Arthur, and that the rival forces can now see each other.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

QUEEN AMONG WORKMEN.

Her Majesty Spends an Hour at the Docks.

INTERESTED IN IVORY.

Queen Alexandra paid an informal visit to the London Docks and warehouses yesterday afternoon.

There was a delightful and truly English absence of ceremony. Her Majesty and her suite (the latter including the Hon. C. Knollys and the Hon. Sydney Greville) drove from Buckingham Palace to the dock gates, where they arrived about half-past three in two plain carriages. Here, as the royal party alighted, a few loyal spectators uncovered and cheered, and the Queen, evidently pleased at her little informal reception, graciously smiled at the greeting.

Passing at once into one of the great ivory warehouses her Majesty was shown a sight such as can be seen in few cities of the world.

THOUSANDS OF ELEPHANT TUSKS.

Scattered over an acre of flooring were thousands upon thousands of elephant tusks from all parts of the oversea dominions which acknowledge the royal visitor's sway. By her Majesty's command the warehouse was in its everyday state—she walked round, chatting with her attendants, and watched the busy workmen handling tons of the precious ivory, appearing much interested while the managers explained how 20,000 elephants died annually to supply London's great demand for their tusks.

Such an exhibition, almost priceless in value, must have thrown an interesting sidelight on the wealth of the Empire over which her Majesty rules. One gigantic tusk shown her was alone worth £800.

After an hour spent in viewing this rough ivory the royal party drove by way of the Minories and Houndsditch to the dock warehouses in Cutler-street.

Here they were shown a collection of precious merchandise that would have put to shame anything seen by Haroun-al-Raschid in his wanderings. Here were fine carpets from Turkey and Persia, ostrich plumes from Egypt and South Africa, splendid silks from India and China, plumage of humming-birds, birds of paradise, and every other brilliant-hued bird that flutters under tropical suns.

THE QUEEN'S INTEREST.

The royal lady, in her simple grey dress, viewed everything with the keenest interest and listened with evident enjoyment to the explanations of her guides, asking now and then a question which showed her enjoyment in this novel form of entertainment.

Then the visit was extended to one of the great tea-rooms, where teas of China and India to the value of thousands of pounds were lying.

At last, after spending nearly three hours in seeing the heart of the trading centre, the foundations upon which the greatness of her mighty Empire has been reared, her Majesty, expressing the gratification afforded by her visit, drove back, as quietly and unostentatiously as she had come, to Buckingham Palace.

EXPLOSIVES IN DUST.

Lyddite Cartridges Blow Up Men In a Refuse Barge.

Two men employed in filling a barge with dust at the City of Westminster's wharf, Ebury Bridge, were recently suddenly blown up into the air.

The contents of the barge on which the explosion occurred have been very closely examined, and were found to contain a choice assortment of explosives, among which were a very large number of lyddite cartridges, several ordinary cartridges, and a small tin of gunpowder.

The men were engaged in burning some of the lyddite cartridges to obtain the copper wire to which they were attached.

The dust came from two districts. One portion was collected from two dustbins in Victoria-street, the Horse Guards, and several Government offices, among which is that which controls explosives in the Board of Trade. The other lot arrived from a district which includes Knightsbridge Barracks.

HURRICANE KILLS 150 RUSSIANS.

MOSCOW, Thursday.

A violent hurricane, accompanied by a severe hailstorm, swept over Moscow and district yesterday. Many factory chimneys, houses in course of erection, and cupolas of churches were blown down.

Eighty-five persons had been admitted to the hospitals, and three persons have been killed.

In the outlying villages 150 are reported to have lost their lives, many villages being annihilated.—Reuter.

EXPLOSION AT KRONSTADT.

An explosive outrage at Kronstadt last night destroyed part of the Arsenal, including the chemical laboratory.

It is believed that the explosion was the result of an outrage.—Reuter.

IN FIGHTING TRIM.

Government Showing a Firm Front to Obstructive Tactics.

Unmistakable indications were forthcoming yesterday that the Government is bracing itself to meet the present critical situation, and to ensure, as far as lies in its power, rapid progress to the measures which have been brought before the House of Commons.

A Cabinet meeting, which came quite as a surprise, was specially summoned at the Foreign Office at noon yesterday. Though speculation as to its real meaning took a wide range, there are good grounds for believing that the question of expediting the progress of the Licensing Bill in Committee, together with Chinese labour difficulties and the obstructive tactics of the Opposition, were the chief subjects of discussion.

The terms of Mr. Balfour's motion for closing the Licensing Bill by compartments in order to overcome the Opposition's organised obstruction appeared in yesterday's Parliamentary notice paper.

The motion comes before the House to-day, and against this Mr. Bryce made a protest during the question hour yesterday. He complained that inconveniently short notice had been given.

Mr. Balfour wished to know what the difficulty was. Had the right hon. gentleman great difficulty in marshalling his forces?

OPPOSITION'S DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Bryce replied that many members of the House were absent on account of previous engagements, and they would find it impossible to be present, among them being the Leader of the Opposition.

Mr. Balfour said there were precedents, for the course he was pursuing, in the Home Rule Bill, the Irish Labourers Bill, and the Education Bill, and he certainly did not see any reason why a longer interval should be given.

THE KING'S RETURN.

Departure Marred by Fatal Accident on British Warship.

KIEL, Thursday.

At twenty minutes to seven this morning King Edward started on his return to England on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, followed by a destroyer and a cruiser. The other attendant destroyers had already entered the canal during the night.

The morning was still dull, grey, and chilly as the royal yacht slipped her moorings and passed slowly down the sleeping line of German battleships. No salutes were fired, the farewell salutes having been given last night when the King left the Holzenzollern.

King Edward yesterday received the Chief Burmester in special audience, and thanked him for the hearty reception which his fleet had given at Kiel, and especially for the presentation of a souvenir. His Majesty made a gift of £200 for the poor of the town.

The Victoria and Albert, with King Edward, passed the Baltic Canal swing bridge at half-past ten. A large crowd of spectators had assembled, but the King was not on deck. The weather is now splendid.—Reuter.

The King is expected to arrive at Charing Cross by special train from Port Victoria at one this afternoon.

TWO MEN KILLED BY EXPLOSION.

The departure of the Royal yacht from the Kiel canal was marred by a fatal accident on one of the escorting cruisers.

A rocket exploded on H.M.S. Juno, by which two men were killed and the cruiser set on fire, which was, however, promptly extinguished.

MECCA OF CRIPPLES.

Scotch Miracle-Worker Finds 1,000 Patients at Bolton.

The Scotch miracle worker, William Rae, yesterday arrived at Bolton from Blantyre.

His decision to visit Lancashire, which has supplied him with so many patients, has led to a considerable alteration in the plans of his clientele. One railway company was making arrangements to run a special train for 300 patients to Scotland before Mr. Rae's present trip was decided upon. From Bolton district patients have been going to Blantyre in big batches for many months, and Mr. Rae's treatment of the Bolton footballers did much to enhance his reputation.

Bolton is now a veritable Mecca for cripples, and yesterday there was a constant stream of patients flowing into the town from all parts. It is estimated that there are about a thousand persons waiting to consult him to-day.

Mr. Rae arrived with members of his family at half-past four, and was greeted by a large crowd.

It is said that the duration of the visit will scarcely allow for all to be dealt with. Two thousand tickets are to be issued to-day, and from these 400 will be selected by ballot, the winners of which will be first served.

IN THE EIGHTIES.

Yesterday Was the Hottest Day of the Year.

SIXPENNY WEATHER TIPS.

At three o'clock yesterday afternoon a Strand thermometer registered 80 degrees in the shade. The mercury stood at this reading for about fifteen minutes and then dropped to 77 degrees. It had made a record for the present summer and retired satisfied.

This was the first occasion on which 80 degrees have been registered. The nearest to it was on a day in May, when the mercury climbed to 78 degrees at 1 p.m. No previous day in June got above 77 degrees.

Everybody yesterday acknowledged a presentiment that it must have been the hottest day of the year. They were right.

FIRST TASTE OF REAL SUMMER.

Many, indeed, would not have been surprised if the thermometers had recorded ten more degrees. Heat has been such a rarity for some seasons in London that comparatively little of it goes a long way towards making Londoners feel all the symptoms of a tropical visitation.

Eighty degrees in the shade is no trifle, coming as this record did, before people had been seriously putting to themselves the question: What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?

When the oven was at its hottest yesterday City men—always excepting the bald who feared sunstroke—carried their hats in their hands and left their waistcoats in the office. Hot lunches were also eschewed, and iced drinks had their first real innings for 1904.

Omnibuses ran all day empty inside, and people wishing a seat on top had to wait till at least half-a-dozen passed. Several cab horses wore demure-looking sun-bonnets.

6d. WEATHER TIPS.

The headquarters staff of the Weather Clerk in Victoria-street, Westminster, have turned tipsters. With noble consideration for the infirmities of people who dread a choppy Channel, they will send, on receipt of sixpence, a telegraphic forecast of the sort of weather to be expected during the succeeding twenty-four hours.

Their predictions are guaranteed to last for the time specified. If by any mischance they fail, customers can have their money back. A prepaid telegram from any part of the Continent will receive the same prompt attention. The weather prophets take no thought for profits.

Many "poor sailors" have tried the tips and found them trustworthy. Mr. G. R. Sims, for example, seldom ventures for a blow on the briny without first consulting the prophets.

Hiethero he used to emulate the sea when it heaved; but now he only sails when the meteorologists wire "smooth as a millpond," or words to that effect. He skips across the gangway with all the airy indifference of a seasoned salt, at the instance of sixpennyworth of good cheer.

Admirals of the Fleet concerned for the Channel voyages of torpedo-boats habitually wire the Meteorological Office for forecasts.

BOON TO POOR SAILORS.

To "poor sailors" of all classes and both sexes these weather tips should prove a great boon. Several ladies of society are regular customers, being able to adapt their holidays to the fickleness of the sea. Yesterday a lady called at the Meteorological Office desirous of knowing what sort of weather might be expected for the second and third week of July.

That puzzled the prophets, who are bound by their contract with the Government never to prophesy for a longer period than one day and night. To pledge their word further would, they say, be hoaxing the public.

"Nobody can safely prophesy beyond twenty-four hours, because nobody has better appliances than we have for ascertaining. Really, of course, we do not prophesy at all. We only state what we know. Our tips, as you call them, are certainities."

GREAT ARTIST ILL.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., in a Grave Condition.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., is lying seriously ill at his residence at Kensington, suffering from an attack of bronchitis. It was stated, yesterday afternoon, that the veteran artist was much weaker and that the end might be expected at any moment. Mr. Watts is in his eighty-seventh year.

CHILD KISSES A LION.

At Merthyr Police Court yesterday Charles Craef, craftsman, Dowlais, for causing a child to take part in an exhibition endangering life and limb, was fined 20s. and costs.

Defendant is the owner of a small wild beast shop and circus, and a child of six years was taken into a den of two lions—defendant standing between her and the animals with a loaded revolver in his hand. The child would execute the cake walk, and finally kiss one of the lions.

ETON BOY "BOOKIES."

Sporting Scholars Confess To Save Their Comrades.

OFFENDERS TO BE SWISHED

The Etonians who journeyed to Sandown Park races on Saturday instead of to Winchester to see the Eton and Winchester match have seen the error of their ways, and made a full confession to the head-master yesterday.

They are less than half a dozen in number, and are upper boys. Dr. Warre had given out that all leave would be stopped until the culprits were discovered, and as Henley and Lord's are next week this was a serious matter for the boys. The Etonians, however, are nothing if not loyal, and, although they knew the culprits, they never gave them away. The guilty ones, however, had a very warm time yesterday morning with their school-fathers, who urged them to own up; and, finally penitent, the few boys told the Head of their guilt.

As they confessed and were very penitent, the head-master gave out that all leave was to be granted, and the boys burst out of school with the tidings of joy on their lips, and the good news soon spread over the town.

Boys who had tickets for matinées at London theatres caught the next train for town, and friends were apprised by telegram of the gratifying intelligence.

To Be Swished on a Famous Block.

It is said that the culprits will be swished on the block where Dr. Keats used to perform mighty deeds, and which was stolen a few years ago. It has been known for some time past that several of the upper boys who are in their last term at school have been indulging in escapades of the most daring character, and some have been making a book even on both horse and boat races.

Those in the know say the Sandown incident is but a small affair compared with what has been done at Eton lately by a few boys.

As it is their last term at school, however, they have no fear of being expelled, and so they are by no means timid when there is any mischief in the air.

Exactly what has taken place has not transpired, but the Eton tradesmen, when asked, said some of these boys were "mustard" and if they did not get into serious trouble it was not their fault.

Much money has been won and lost by the boys over horse-racing, and there are a certain section of them who take the keenest interest in the winners when the evening papers arrive. Some of the boys' fathers own horses, so they generally know when a "good thing" is coming off, and make a plunge accordingly.

It is said that a pile of money was won by some boys over the Derby winner, St. Amant. The Eton authorities will say nothing about the matter, and efforts are being made to hush it up.

ONLY THIRTY LINES PASSED.

Mr. Winston Churchill Creates a Scene in the Aliens Committee.

The usual obstructive tactics were indulged in yesterday at the proceedings of the Committee on the Aliens Bill, and towards the close of the sittings Mr. Winston Churchill elicited the information that the Committee had passed only thirty lines of the Bill.

There was a scene when the Home Secretary decided to accept an amendment to prohibit the readmission of aliens who had been convicted in this country.

Mr. Winston Churchill complained that the Home Secretary had made gratuitous and impertinent observations with regard to himself. He was interrupted by loud cries of "Withdraw," but he went on to say that the Government did not want to pass the Bill, but that they would offend some of their most powerful supporters, while, on the other hand, they must go on and satisfy their hard taskmasters from Birmingham and Sheffield. The amendment was rejected.

NEW LINE TO UXBRIDGE.

Monday next will see the public opening of yet another line of railway in the immediate neighbourhood of London.

The line in question is the Harrow and Uxbridge Railway. It is seven miles in length, and forms a continuation of the Baker-street and Harrow line, from the latter place to Uxbridge. It is, in fact, a new line from London to Uxbridge.

It is intended to be worked by electricity, and is one of the first sections of standard railway in Great Britain to come out of the outset for electric traction. The power will be obtained from the Metropolitan Generating station at Neasden. It is hoped this will be ready in the course of three or four months.

As soon as it is, the new rolling-stock, entirely English, will be put on. The cars will be of the open corridor type.

"MESSIAH" AS JURYMAN.

Clapton Impostor May Have To Attend an Inquest.

"Pigott the Lamb" is to be dragged from the "Abode of Love," at Spaxton, Somerset, to attend at the next inquest in the district.

The West Country people are greatly excited over the prospect of being permitted to gaze upon the august features of the "Clapton Messiah."

Some hope that he will defy the forces of the law, and, defended by his Amazons, stand a siege in his strongly-fortified retreat.

It would be a great sight to see "The Lamb" leave the "Abode of Love" escorted by a detachment of the county police.

Pigott is not protected by a male bodyguard, but inquisitive visitors are affording his lady disciples much practice in scouting. No doubt they will keep a sharp look-out for the coroner's officer.

Yesterday morning, Pigott's interrupted picnic and his sensational flight back to the "Abode" were the only subjects of conversation in Spaxton.

To a *Mirror* representative one of the "Messiah's" young admirers followed up, "How can he be so foolish as to disturb our master, whose only thought is for the happiness of all?"

Pigott was yesterday suffering from indigestion, and his disciples are anxiously asking how it is their "immortal" leader is not superior to earthly sufferings.

Further particulars about the inner workings of the Abode have leaked out. It appears that when disciples are admitted, they are initiated into all the mysteries of the doctrine and its accompanying ceremonies, and are then called upon to swear, under fear of most awe-inspiring pains and penalties, never to divulge to the outside world any of the Agapean affairs.

So closely are the secrets kept that mothers are ignorant of the doings of their daughters, and the firmest friendships avail nothing if one is a member and the other is not.

"FLIP YOUR WINGS."

Curious Accompaniment to a Salvation Army Hymn.

The enthusiasm of six thousand Salvationists reached its highest point at the Strand afternoon meeting yesterday when the General reviewed the work of the foreign missions.

After the general sat down, Ensign Gillam, a cowboy, sang a salvation song, and a Pisan from South America gave an address, interpreted by the leader of the movement in the Argentine.

Two women officers, in native costumes, from Japan followed, and Commissioner Kilbey, from South Africa, gave a descriptive account of the power of the Salvation Army from the Zambesi to the Cape.

A typical Salvation Army hymn came next. The chorus ran: "I want to hear the flapping of the angels' wings." Before the band struck up the tune the people were reminded to "flip your wings out," and the vast assemblage raised their arms and beat time to the music.

Six boys and girls sang the Salvation Army in the Indian famine sang native songs, and then a volatile Hindu told an unfinished story of his fourteen years' work, for the General took him in his arms and lifted him off the rostrum.

FELL DOWN A CREVASSÉ.

London Solicitor's Appalling Death in the Alps.

ZERMATT, Thursday.

Further details of the fatal accident to Mr. Arthur Rooke on the Zermatt Alp show that, after leaving the summit on the return journey to the Findeln Hotel, he missed his way, and scarcely ten minutes after a snow bridge which spanned a very deep crevasse crumbled away under his feet and he disappeared in the abyss.

The gaping crevasse was soon discovered by the rescue party, and a guide was let down by a rope. The body of the victim was found wedged between the two ice walls. The skull was fractured and there was a wound in the neck, caused by Mr. Rooke's ice-axe, which was still in his hand. Death must have been instantaneous.

Yesterday evening the body was brought to Zermatt, whence it will be sent to London. Mr. Rooke was fifty-two years of age, and a solicitor, practising in Lincoln's Inn Fields. —Reuter.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN TO ADDRESS 12,000.

Immense preparations are being made at Welbeck for the reopening of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's fiscal campaign on August 4.

The Duke of Portland has lent the famous riding school, and seats are being erected to accommodate between 11,000 and 12,000 persons.

Haggerty, the "Weekly Dispatch" Channel swimmer, will meet Jem Mellor, the well-known wrestler, in a private encounter at Blackpool tomorrow.

CAKE-WALKING ELEPHANT

Breaks Through the Stage and Creates a Scene.

Owing to a mishap on the stage, the unique performances of an eleven-year-old elephant which indulged in all the mazy intricacies of "the cake-walk" have been brought to a sudden termination.

The animal weighs about three tons, and the other night, as she walked on to the stage at the Leeds Empire, the much-tried boards gave way beneath her ponderous weight, and the elephant's legs slipped through. Fortunately she stopped there, ridiculously suspended, with her legs dangling over the heads of a troupe of performing dogs which were below.

Since this mishap she has resolutely refused to go on to the stage again. She has been coaxed to "the wings" and tempted in a variety of ways to go through her minable steps as a "cake-walker," but she on one occasion shambled to a corner, and then bounded over a number of chairs, determined was she not to again incur the risk of unwilling suspension.

Owing to this, her engagements at Leeds and other provincial towns have been cancelled, much to the regret of her keeper, who is much attached to the animal, despite her only failing, which is that of picking his pockets.

246 MILES WITHOUT STOPPING.

New Record in the Railway Race to the West.

The Great Western Railway yesterday successfully inaugurated its new non-stop service of trains from London to Plymouth, a distance of 246 miles.

The pioneer train of the new service left Paddington on its trial trip at 10.10 a.m. When Bath was reached a record had been established, the train passing through the station at 11.52 a.m., or 102 minutes after leaving Paddington. Plymouth was reached up to time, at 2.35 p.m. This is the longest non-stop run of any railway in the kingdom, no other company doing 246 miles without a stop.

Yesterday's performance was not the first time that the journey to Plymouth has been done without a break, the royal train with the Prince and Princess of Wales, has already accomplished the feat once.

HAPPY MISS CORELLI.

She Receives an Average of 52 Proposals Every Year.

Miss Marie Corelli is an enthusiast for her craft and her life.

In the "Strand Magazine" for July she defines the happiest life as "the Life Literary," which means "we can always choose our own company."

The author "who can hold and maintain all the real privileges and rights of authorship is a ruler of millions and under subsection of none."

The rewards of the literary life are set forth in detail. They include: Endless requests for autographs; innumerable begging letters; imperative, sometimes threatening, demands for interviews; hundreds of love letters; at least one offer of marriage a week; free circulation of lies and slanders concerning one's self; bitter animosity of rival contemporaries; and persistent misrepresentations of character, aims, and intentions.

Turning from these characteristically satirical enumerations of rewards, Miss Corelli turns to the reverse of the medal. She waxes enthusiastic over the cheerful and contented spirit and the tranquillity of mind born of a firm faith in noble ideals. —It is a touching picture the cheerful and contented spirit of Miss Corelli which leads her to avow that "from the estate of queens to that of commoners" she would chose the "Life Literary" in preference to any other.

AT HOME ON THE BUZZARD.

To-morrow will be a gala day on board the Buzzard, the training ship of the London division of the Naval Volunteers, lying off the Embankment.

During the afternoon the Lord Mayor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Curzon, Lord Charles Beresford, and other distinguished visitors will be entertained at an "At Home" on board, while the citizen sailors go through various drills and exercises.

At two o'clock there will be a general muster without arms of the six companies in St. James's Park.

They will march to the Embankment and halt by the Temple steps, where a guard of honour, 100 strong, will stand up its colors. State crews and men told off for special duty will then board the Buzzard, while the other men remain on the Embankment till the Lord Mayor leaves the ship.

The visitors will witness gun drill, rifle exercise, signalling, and boat drill.

STEEPLEJACK DE WET

Outwits the Police by a Cunning Ruse.

AGAIN IN HIS FORT.

James Gill, the Newry steeplejack, has again outwitted the police, and is back on his lofty stronghold—the chimney-stack on which he has so long set the guardians of the peace at defiance. Hundreds of people visited him yesterday to congratulate him on his latest feat.

For the last few days "Jimmy" has been in bed as the result of the accident which led to his evading the fort last week. To his particular friends he appeared pretty cheerful, and did not complain much, but the sight of policemen in his little hotel seemed to aggravate his pains, and he writhed and groaned horribly when in their presence.

Policemen Pitied Him.

Even a policeman, as Mr. Gilbert has shown us in his deathless rhymes, has his feelings like other men. He is open to the sacred touch of pity, and is compassionate to misfortune. So the men in blue had not the brutality to arrest "Jimmy" while his sufferings were so great.

At last, tired of keeping watch on the hotel, two policemen were detached off on Wednesday night to remove "Jimmy" to the hospital, where he would be more under their control.

The resourceful steeplejack, however, had a resolute, and doubled up with pain at the mere mention of being removed, so the good-natured policemen did not touch him.

But to their great astonishment, when they called at the hotel yesterday morning "Jimmy" had gone.

He was soon discovered. Waving his handkerchief triumphantly, he was found perched at the top of the chimney stack and far out of reach.

Resourceful "Jimmy."

"Jimmy," it appears, stole out of his hotel at daybreak and with his son as a scout made his way by the curtains and an unfigured road to his fortress.

It was a risky proceeding, and at the signal from his son he had frequently to dodge behind a wall or into a doorway.

The police are much chagrined at being so easily outwitted, and it is understood a determined attempt will be made to-day to capture him.

To a *Mirror* representative "Jimmy" said he was still in pain, but he was determined to finish his contract.

A petition has been sent to the Lord-Lieutenant asking that the imprisonment promised for James Gill may be remitted to a fine.

Among the postcards Jimmy has received are three from Hamburg with German "felicitations."

DANCING WITH DUCHESSES.

Great Possibilities at the Stafford House Charity Fete.

Stafford House was being prepared for this evening's gorgeous fete when a *Mirror* representative called there yesterday.

Over a thousand guests, including the Duchess of Coburg, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince Henry of Battenberg will be present.

At the promenade concert, which commences at 10.30, Fraulein Kunz and Signor Dani will sing; Madam Réjane, with Mr. Lewis Waller, will act for the first time a short piece, "La femme qui s'enfuit," and many other artists will give their services. The music will include Herr Gottlieb's orchestra, and the 14th Hussars' band, and dancing is to begin at 11 p.m.

To all of these allurements, also including supper, the tickets, at £3 3s, ladies and £2 2s, for gentlemen, admit their fortunate possessors; and since, incidentally, they may give one a Duchess or an Earl for partner in a waltz, they ought all to be sold.

DANGERS OF THE KISS.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer is not alone in his opinion that kissing games, and similar frivolities, should not be permitted at Sunday school entertainments.

A *Mirror* representative could not, yesterday, find a minister of any denomination who takes the opposite view. Representatives of the Anglican Church, the Congregationalists, the Presbyterians, and the Wesleyans said, in effect: "That sort of thing is not often to be met with. We do not condescend to it."

A United States Salvationist expressed horror at the kiss. He said: "In the States it's quite true the churches and chapels are, many of them, given right over to vanity, and resort to devices of the devil to God's work with. I did not know before it was common in England!"

WHY WAS IT TAKEN AWAY?

Curious Discovery of a Parish Register in an Auction Room.

A parish register in an auction room. The statement will come as a shock to the public who look—and rightly—on the record of births, deaths, and marriages as the most sacred of the many things entrusted to the care of a beneficed clergyman.

The *Mirror* has discovered in a certain auction room in London the parchment register of Stoke Dame, Devon. How it left the hands of church authorities is a mystery. Some time ago it was sent to the auction rooms to be sold for the benefit of the individual who imagines it is his property, and the auctioneers rightly refused to put it up for sale.

The names of the clergymen who signed the register are W. J. St. Aubyn and Alex H. Small. The leaves are of parchment, and the binding of the covers is of brown leather.

What a Lawyer Says.

A lawyer acquainted with many family romances was seen by a representative yesterday, and discussed the motive of the person who, in the early part of last century, took the document out of the custody of its rightful guardian.

"The most charitable view to take of the case," said he, with a mocking smile, "is that it got mixed up with other documents on the shelves of a former vicar, or maybe the curate took it home to make entries, and a new volume was begun and the old one forgotten."

"On the other hand, the romance of a county family and the dispossessing of the rightful heir might be unfolded if its pages were carefully examined."

"Secret marriage!" exclaimed the lawyer, in response to a question the *Mirror* representative put to him. "Let me outline a case—one that suggests the plot of a novel maybe, but human nature sometimes runs riot, and many and many a time has a foalhardy son of the hall gone through the marriage ceremony with a village maid."

Secrets of Great Families.

"The secret is well kept. His visits to the cottage home of his legitimate wife disturb the peace of mind of the squire, and to prevent a mésalliance when it is too late the youthful heir is packed off, joins a marching regiment, and goes abroad."

"Take it, misadventure follows, and the heir is killed. Now comes the motive. 'Is this child born in a cottage to succeed to the family estates? The girl-mother dies of grief, and the child grows up under the care of the grandmother.'

"The easiest way to dispose of any proof of such a marriage some years ago was in the destruction of the parish register. This, however, has not been done in this case. The register was simply taken away, and its excellent state of preservation shows it has been well cared for during the last seven years."

"No doubt the person who took it away from the church had a motive in doing so, but what that motive was must ever remain a secret unless infinite labour is spent in examining each entry and investigation be made into the family history of some of the county families during 1829-31."

LOST WHILE HOUSE-HUNTING.

Two strange cases of the disappearance of husbands were reported at Marylebone and Lambeth Police Courts yesterday.

At the former court Mrs. Margaret White stated that last Monday she and her husband came from Dover to London with the intention of starting in business. Her husband went off the same day to look for a house at Hampstead, taking with him £50 in bank notes and a receipt for £23,700, but since then she had not seen, or heard of, him.

Mrs. Thorogood, of Longborough Junction, told the Lambeth magistrate that her husband, who had been suffering from ill-health, went to bed directly he reached home from work on Monday evening, but when she woke up at half-past three the next morning he had disappeared. All attempts to trace his whereabouts have been unsuccessful.

FIRE THREATENS A SETTLEMENT.

A draper's shop in the occupation of Mr. F. Snyder, immediately adjoining the Browning Settlement in the Walworth-road, was the scene of a fierce little fire yesterday afternoon which placed the Browning Settlement in considerable jeopardy for some time.

Mrs. Snyder, with two or three young women, was in the back part of the premises, a young woman was on the first floor, and a man was asleep in one of the upper rooms. Mrs. Snyder and the young women downstairs fled, calling out that there was someone upstairs, and they were rescued by a foreman painter, H. W. Jones, who was at work close by. The fire brigade arrived with promptitude and prevented the fire doing much damage to the Browning Settlement.

Sixty pounds has been paid by a Paris collector for the key said to have belonged to the door of the room where Napoleon I. was born at Ajaccio.

The auctioneer's assistants who are taking an inventory of Beauclerc, the Marquis of Anglesey's Stanhope seat, have found a fine collection of old china.

ECCENTRIC OLD LADY'S ZOO.**Modern Mother Hubbard's Story of Her Late Mistress's Idiosyncrasies.**

Animal probate cases are becoming quite the fashion in the Law Courts.

Yesterday, while the adventures of a "griffin" were puzzling Probate Court No. I., seventeen cats, twenty-six canaries, etc., a parrot, and a cockatoo were engrossing the attention of Probate Court No. II.

The manner in which cats, canaries, parrot and cockatoo entered into the will suit being tried—it must not be hastily surmised that they were claimants to be residuary legatees or anything of that sort—was as follows:

An elderly lady—just as the pursued of the "griffin" was an elderly lady—named Miss Laura Wolley, died recently at the age of eighty-seven years.

She had made several wills, in the first of which she devised the bulk of her property to her half-sister, a Mrs. Hope. But, being of Low Church principles, and finding that Mr. Hope was an adherent of the High Church, she altered her mind, and left her money in a second will to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Then for the third time her opinion about who should be her legatee changed. She decided to make her a solicitor named Woolley—name similar to her own but spelt differently.

Miss Woolley ended her long life in a peculiar and unhappy manner. She left the gas turned on in her room after putting the light out, and was suffocated.

It was in order to show that Miss Woolley was a lady likely to be unduly influenced that Mr. Rufus Isaacs, counsel for Mr. Woolley, introduced the cats and birds. He took the opportunity to do so when he cross-examined Miss Sarah Saunders, who was formerly in Miss Woolley's employment.

PICTUREQUE WITNESS.

Miss Saunders is an old lady, who looks as if she had stepped out of a book of fairy tales. She possesses a quaint little figure, dressed in a fashion of long ago, and gave her evidence in the same manner as Old Mother Hubbard would give evidence if called upon to go into a witness-box.

"Did not Miss Woolley give bird parties?" asked Mr. Isaacs, "and were not stands made for the birds to receive their guests on?"

It was just such a question as one would expect counsel to ask of a Mother Hubbard.

"Oh, no," replied Mother Hubbard up-to-date. She added that one of the canaries was named

WASTED ELOQUENCE.**Mrs. Watson Found Guilty at Her Second Trial.**

At her second trial at the Old Bailey, yesterday, Mrs. Sophia Annie Watson, the ex-convict, was found guilty of committing perjury in the unsuccessful breach of promise action which she brought against Major-General FitzHugh, a visiting justice at Lewes Prison.

When the jury disagreed on Tuesday, the Recorder, who summed up twice, and strongly urged the jury to convict the prisoner, said that their finding imputed perjury to the major-general, and also Colonel Isaacson, the governor of the gaol.

Yesterday the case came before the Common Serjeant, and Mr. Matthews again outlined the evidence for the prosecution. He ridiculed the idea that the general had ever proposed marriage, or that the governor of the gaol had ever conveyed such a message to prisoner.

Mrs. Watson, who has so vigorously defended herself, again gave evidence on her own behalf, and was severely cross-examined.

She subsequently called a number of witnesses—cabmen, servants, and others.

The Common Serjeant, however, said she was trifling with the Court, and she proceeded to address the jury.

Upon the jury returning their verdict of Guilty the prisoner burst into tears, exclaiming, "I'll end my life before I'll do it. It's a cruel, wicked thing!"

The Common Serjeant sentenced her to four years' penal servitude.

£3,000 FOR SLANDER.

Damages amounting to £3,000 were awarded at Exeter Assizes yesterday against Ernest Gidley, a carpenter, for slandering the rector of Holsworthy, the Rev. G. Kendall, and the latter's niece, Miss Frances Andrews. Gidley stated that he had witnessed immorality between Mr. Kendall and Miss Andrews.

Among the witnesses called for the defence was Mr. Batten, J.P., chairman of the parish council and superintendent of a Nonconformist Bible-class, who alleged Mr. Kendall's moral reputation was bad.

The jury directed that £2,000 of the damages should go to Miss Andrews, and £1,000 to Mr. Kendall.

HOOLEY CASE PUN.**Peruvian Colonel Falls a Victim to Temptation.**

During six hearings of the charges against Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley and Mr. H. J. Lawson of conspiring to defraud Mr. Alfred Paine, of the Windsor Castle Hotel, Victoria-street, counsel engaged in the proceedings at Bow-street had shown the greatest restraint in avoiding making an extremely obvious pun.

But at the seventh hearing of the case yesterday the temptation proved too great for one of the witnesses. Colonel Josiah Harris, who protested against being subpoenaed to give evidence against Hooley, was, in the course of his examination, shown a card on which Mr. Paine's name appeared. "I know nothing about Mr. Paine," he exclaimed. "It would give me a pain if I did."

To relieve its feelings the Court huffed:

"The Colonel last saw Hooley six years ago, and then only for a few minutes. He had known Lawson for five years, and had been induced by him to become a director of the British Motor Company and the Construction Company. Colonel Harris denied that Mr. Lawson was manager of the latter.

Mr. Hooley Excited.

Mr. Muir: But he sent circulars on to Hooley for wide distribution?

Mr. Hooley leapt to his feet in a moment and exclaimed:

"I did not have one of them."

The Magistrate: You must sit down, sir. Colonel Harris, in cross-examination by Mr. Avery, said he still had great faith in the Construction Company, which, if properly managed, would have been a great success.

The Colonel protested again that he never had any business dealings with Hooley. "In fact, I hardly knew him in the dock, he has altered so," he said.

Among Mr. Lawson's companies was included the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, which was stated to have been in a flourishing position a few years ago. The Great Horseless Carriage Company, however, was not so successful.

Colonel Harris had a personal explanation to make before leaving the witness-box. He explained that he was not a colonel in the English Army, but held a commission from the Peruvian Government. He added that he raised the first mounted corps in Devonshire forty years ago.

A subsequent witness—the last called before the adjournment of the proceedings—was Sir J. Kenneth Mackenzie, who, as the result of an interview with Lawson, became chairman of the British Electric Tramways Street Company, but resigned in March, 1901, to become chairman of the Construction Company. At a dinner given by the latter company to the engineers, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie made a speech, the whole of the material for which was supplied to him by Lawson.

In this speech he announced that a dividend of 12 per cent. would be paid on the ordinary shares; but he never received his own dividend, and as far as he knew it had not been distributed to any of the other shareholders.

The case will be before the Bow-street magistrate again next Thursday.

WIDER USE OF THE "CAT" WANTED.

Upon the deputy-keeper of a common lodging-house in Tooley-street, Southwark, announcing his intention of going to Portsmouth with the annual excursion of the M Division of the Metropolitan Police, one of the lodgers, a youth named Charles Robins, knocked him down and kicked him on the ruts.

The explanation given for Robins's conduct at Southwark Police-court, where he was sentenced yesterday to two months' hard labour, was that he resented any friendly feeling being shown towards the police.

Referring to the wanton brutality of the assault, the magistrate remarked that the case might induce "even those people who called themselves humanitarians" to think that the use of the "cat" ought to be extended.

KILLED WHILE STEALING.

James Caveney was discharged by his employer last Wednesday for being drunk, whereupon he went to the employer's repository in Barbican and commenced to remove some zinc.

While carrying it down a ladder from a loft he slipped and fell on his head, and died from the effect of his injuries.

Boiling Clothes

The book inside the Fels-Naphtha wrapper tells how to wash without fire, with half the usual rubbing and wear and shrinking of clothes, and cleaner.

JULY 1, 1904.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

A sheep escaped from a Wigton auction mart and made its way to the roof of a neighbouring hotel.

The London and North-Western Railway Company have served out to their shunters white drill sun hats, and to their porters straw hats, for use during the warm weather.

Having been caught up an apple tree, a little boy whose head just showed over the dock was fined 2s. 6d. at Brentford yesterday. He had also been "chastised by his schoolmaster."

Mr. Wilson, senior doorkeeper at the House of Commons, last night pronounced his last "Who goes home?" He retires at the age of seventy-four, after forty years spent in the service of the House.

GAMBLER WON £2,000 A YEAR.

At the Bankruptcy Court yesterday A. F. T. Haydon, of Bickenhall-mansions, Warrington, stated that he had made about £2,000 a year from gambling at Monte Carlo—gambling and pigeon shooting.

The accounts showed liabilities £2,969, and the debtor claims to have a surplus of £4.

TRIPLETS' COMING OF AGE.

The triplet sons of Mr. Edward Buck, of Manchester, have just celebrated their coming of age.

This rare event was celebrated by a large gathering, and the assembled aunts and uncles of the three young men presented each with a gold chronometer.

All three are in business with their father.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH BY BURGLARS.

Mrs. Rainford has died at her home in Duke-street, New Brighton, as the result of shock in May last, when two burglars entered as plumbers gained admittance to the house by pretending to inspect the gas arrangements.

Once inside they bound and gagged her, and ransacked the house, escaping with £3 in cash. No arrest has since been made.

NIGHTINGALE HEARD IN WANDSWORTH.

At half-past two yesterday morning, writes a correspondent, I was awakened by the notes of a nightingale pouring forth its song from a large tree at the Wandsworth Common end of what I now regard as an appropriate name—Nightingale-lane.

Everything was perfectly peaceful, and the moon was shining brightly at the time. I think I am right in supposing that it is somewhat unusual to hear this shy and beautiful songster within four miles of Charing Cross.

DETERMINED TO DIE.

Arthur Pearson, of York, had been off work for nine months owing to illness, and had been confined in Bootham Park Asylum. On Monday he was twice prevented from putting an end to his life, but, whilst arrangements were being made for his removal, he slipped out to the yard and hanged himself with a silk handkerchief.

At yesterday's inquest a verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane was returned, and the jury handed their fees to the widow.

STOLE HER OWN CHILD.

An extraordinary case of child stealing was revealed at Inverness in connection with an assault charge against a female outworker.

Accused, who is the mother of the child, which is two years old, dressed herself in male attire and blackened her face. She found her child at the door of his father's cottage, and made off with it.

The father's sister followed, and there was a free fight for possession of the child. Two men separated the women.

The accused received the benefit of the First Offenders' Act.

CAME FOR A BREAKFAST.

On walking down into her kitchen yesterday morning, Mrs. Palmer, of Stratford, found a man seated there.

"What do you want?" she asked, to which he replied, "Breakfast and money." Mrs. Palmer then said, "Get out of it," but the intruder refused to obey, and consequently she gave him into custody.

David Nicholson, a Russian seaman, of no home, told the Stratford magistrate that this was true, he wanted some breakfast, and as his other answers seemed to show that he was mentally affected a remand was ordered.

FLED FROM THE WEDDING.

An elderly Belfast gentleman holiday-making in Bangor met a lady who won his heart.

He gave her an engagement ring, bought a house, and made her many valuable presents.

All was ready for the wedding when the prospective bride left to pay a farewell visit to some friends in Dublin. The bridegroom waited patiently, but in vain. His lady-love never returned.

For services rendered during the Fenian Raid of 1866 the Government of Canada has just made a grant of land to Mr. J. Mounstephen, of Colyton, Devon.

Mr. Winston Churchill, who is an honorary life member of the Cardiff Riverside Conservative Club, has been invited to resign on account of his "apparent change of politics."

James Whitehead, aged eleven years, was found dead near St. Peter's Station on the electric railway between Newcastle and Tynemouth, death having resulted from contact with a live rail.

An interesting concert will be given at the Queen's (small) Hall to-night by the pupils of Mr. and Madame Fischer Sobell. Among other items will be the first and third acts of "Faust," which will be given in concert form.

There have been four drowning fatalities at Leigh, Lancashire, within the last twelve days. The latest victim is Edward Shovelton, aged nine, who tumbled into the river while playing.

TRAGEDY OR HOAX?

"I'm tired of life, so have cut my throat and thrown myself into the river.—J. M."

Such was the message written on a scrap of paper placed in a bottle which was found floating in the Thames near London Bridge yesterday morning.

BAD TRADE CAUSES SUICIDE.

Mr. William King, a well-known Ramsgate resident, formerly a fishmonger and smackowner in an extensive way of business, committed suicide at his house yesterday by shooting himself with a revolver.

He had lately been in reduced circumstances, and suffered from depression.

IRISH "BULLS" IN LONDON.

English journalists, says the "Irish Times," are most unjustly entrencing on our monopoly of "bulls." Irish journalists had better look to their laurels.

This, sprung on us by the "Morning Post," will take some beating: "The statements made by Bismarck were inaccurate, and the White-books presented to the Reichstag contained remarkable omissions."

BOOKS TURNED HIS BRAIN.

Thomas Bates threw himself under a train at Farringdon-street Station, and was killed.

His father, at the inquest yesterday, said his son was a great reader of Carlyle, and also of religious books, and had developed melancholia. He was also depressed by his failure to get on, and in a letter which he left said he had "failed to understand the mysteries of this world."

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide whilst of unsound mind.

LOOKED LIKE SWEARING.

"He spoke in a foreign tongue, but I knew he was swearing at me by the way he looked at me. Besides, I don't think he's a Christian or he would not have brought me here."

This was the explanation of a debtor at the Southwark County Court yesterday, who had puzzled the Judge by saying that, though he could not understand his language, he knew the plaintiff swore when he called for the debt.

GALLANT CAPTAIN REWARDED.

During a heavy sea, and under great difficulties, the steamship Ashanti went to the rescue of a water-logged American schooner which was in dire peril.

This conspicuous gallantry was recognised at Bristol, where, on behalf of the United States Government, the Lord Mayor handed Captain J. V. Forster a gold watch and chain.

Your Time Is Right Now.

Don't delay in the selection of a Fountain Pen. Cut out the Coupon on Page 2 and secure for 2/6 a Pen Sold to Advertise the "Daily Mirror."

THE CITY.

Prices Higher All Round—Kaffirs Again Cheerful—Rails Improve.

A good many members seemed to find attractions at Lord's yesterday, and Stock Exchange business suffered accordingly, for there was nothing of an adverse nature to cause pessimism, and the money squeeze in Lombard-street was no more than what is incidental to the turn of the year. Commercial Companies, however, took the gilt-edged market up with them. The Bank Return showed a natural decrease of £607,000 in the Reserve, and the Bank rate was unaltered. The new Reserve Bank was opened.

A good Home Railway market was seen, with prices higher all round and talk of the favourable results of the coal contracts for the companies. The rates of some of the railways, however, were rather dull.

Foreign issues out, and it was called a premium. Ordinary shareholders have the right of applying for six £100 shares of the new Argentine, which cost every £100. Mexican Railways responded to the rise in silver. Cuban Railways were notably better as a result of the traffic of sugar, and so were Costa Rica and several other Central American Republics.

English buyers are very thin. The market was sticky and featureless. But Canadian Railways continue to improve, and speak well of the future. Argentine Railways were perhaps rather dull. Here there was the new B.A. Foreign issue out, and it was called a premium. Ordinary shareholders have the right of applying for six £100 shares of the new Argentine, which cost every £100. Mexican Railways responded to the rise in silver. Cuban Railways were notably better as a result of the traffic of sugar, and so were Costa Rica and several other Central American Republics.

In the Foreign market Japanese were practically unaffected by the knowledge that the new loan is near. There was talk of Argentine conversion, said to dominate the market, and others on the sub-continent. Foreigners bought Colombians also on conversion project, and there is still talk of the coming Morocco loan in Paris and an encroaching settlement. Paris seemed too occupied with its own affairs to pay much attention to its various securities; but Russians were notably firm, and Argentines, Brazilians, and Peruvians good.

In the Miscellaneous section Nelsons were better on talk of more satisfactory meat prices in Argentina, perhaps a result of the publication of the River Plate Fresh Meat report. The market seems to be expecting a poor harvest of grain.

Kafirs were quite cheerful, "bears" buying back almost all round. The market closed below the best. Most of the same also applied to West African and West African stocks, but in the former we may note Associated and Boulder Deep, which showed some real weakness. One failure was announced during the day—that of a small broker. It was of no consequence, and was expected.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * * The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unless most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consol 21 p.c... 90	90	Pacific ... 114	115
Do Account ... 90	90	Do ... 114	115
Do 6 per cent ... 95	95	Mexican First ... 85	85
London C. C. 3 p.c 98	98	Do Ord. ... 10	10
Nas. War Loan ... 97	98	Rarioio Cons'dl ... 912	912
Do ... 100	100	Canadian Pacific ... 128	128
Argentine 1889 ... 103	104	Gd. Tank. Ord. ... 144	144
Do ... 103	104	Do 1st Pref. ... 102	102
Brazilian 1889 77	78	Do 2nd Pref. ... 87	87
Do Wof Minas ... 68	68	Do 3rd Pref. ... 74	74
Chili 1886 ... 86	88	Nitrate Ord." ... 74	74
Chines 5 to 1886 89	100	Aerated Bread ... 87	87
Egyptian United ... 103	103	Albatross Ord. ... 204	203
Finland 1886 ... 103	103	Coats ... 98	98
Jap. 5 p.c Gd. 1895-6 87	89	Gas Light Ord. ... 93	94
Do 4 p.c ... 75	76	Hudson Bay ... 404	404
Per. Do ... 92	93	Hudson Bay ... 117	117
Portuguese ... 62	63	Lipton ... 74	75
Russian 4 p.c 1890 92	93	U. & I. D. L. Ord. ... 74	75
Spanish 4 p.c 1890 87	87	Welsbach ... 220	220
Uruguay 24 p.c ... 57	57	Welsbach Auto. ... 150	150
Brighton Def. ... 123	123	Wicks, Maxim. ... 12	12
Caledonian Def. ... 22	22	Welsbach Ord. ... 4	8
Central London ... 91	92	Anglo-French ... 28	28
Chatham Grd. ... 16	16	Aschanti G. F. ... 28	28
Do 1st pref. ... 16	16	Assoc. G. M. ... 24	24
Do 2nd pref. ... 64	67	Chartered Co. ... 13	13
Do Champ. ... 97	98	Champ. Ref. ... 13	13
Do Great Eastern ... 92	93	Chartered Co. ... 13	13
Gr. Northern Def. 41	41	City of Sydney ... 6	6
Do 1st pref. ... 151	151	Gold G. S.A. ... 6	6
Do Great Western ... 144	145	Grown Ref. ... 14	14
Metropolitan ... 97	97	Do Beers Def. ... 19	19
District ... 38	39	East Range ... 72	72
Midland Def. ... 69	69	Edinburgh & M. Est. ... 24	24
Do Def. ... 69	69	Geduld ... 6	6
North British Def. 44	45	Gildmuhis E. ... 5	5
North Eastern ... 142	142	Gold's Hornbeam ... 24	24
South East'n Def. 60	61	G. Bl. Per. New ... 11/6	12/6
South West' Def. 57	57	G. Fingall 10/- ... 28	31
Do ... 102	103	Ioh. Con. In. ... 24	24
Atchison ... 74	74	May's View Cos. ... 13	13
Baltimore ... 81	81	Met. Consolidated ... 54	54
Chesapeake ... 31	31	Meyer & Charl. ... 24	24
Do & S. P. ... 142	142	Moderfontaine ... 24	24
Denver ... 212	212	Monsieur ... 24	24
Do ... 24	24	Moselle ... 24	24
Eric Shars ... 59	59	Mountain Valley ... 1	1
Illinoian ... 122	123	N. Copper ... 23	23
L'ville and N'ville ... 113	113	Nundydroog ... 12	12
Missouri ... 17	17	O. Gold ... 13	13
Ontario ... 27	27	Orion ... 24	24
No. Amer. Com. ... 57	57	Overland ... 24	24
Pennsylvania ... 59	59	Prinrose (New) ... 24	24
Reading ... 23	24	Rialto ... 24	24
Southern Def. ... 213	213	Rio Tinto ... 52	52
Southern H. ... 120	120	Rio Turbio ... 24	24
Union Pacific ... 90	90	Sons Mawillia ... 12	12
U.S. Steel Ord. ... 93	104	Trans. Devol. ... 18	18
Do Pref. ... 56	57	Wauwan ... 18	18
Wabash Pref. ... 56	57	Welgedacht ... 7	7
B.A. G. South'n ... 132	133	Zambesi Explor. ... 12	12

* Ex div.

NO ROOM FOR NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

In submitting their forty-seventh annual report, the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery state that the time is at hand when the question of extending the Gallery must be seriously considered.

Extension can only be obtained in the direction of St. George's Barracks, and in view of certain alterations and demolitions there, the Trustees are communicating with the military authorities on the subject.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Office of the *Daily Mirror* are—
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taitbout.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1904.

BETTING AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

From time to time scandals and rumours of scandal have crept into publicity concerning the prevalence of the vice of betting in our public schools. Now we have the disgraceful adventure of the Eton boys at Sandown races to add to the list.

Dr. Warre, the Headmaster, will doubtless deal heavily with the culprits in a manner best suited to their case, but his greater trouble will come when he turns, as he must, to grappling with the social problem before him.

He has hundreds of boys under him during the impressionable period of their existence when their minds and manners are malleable and in the mould for their making as men.

School influence and training has the greater effect on a boy, but his home and holiday life is the groundwork of his character and tastes. Eton boys are drawn for the most part from the ranks of society. They are familiar with the fashionable life their fathers, mothers, and sisters lead. Bridge and betting are household words at home; at school they are no differently regarded, save perhaps that with the new brand of "wrong" upon them they become more attractive.

Some parents sprung suddenly to riches or struggling on the fringe of society, go so far as to allow their boys pocket money for betting purposes. They are anxious that their sons should live the full life of the children of the chosen; they know horse racing is fashionable, they therefore regard it as part of the curriculum for a boy with social ambitions.

Dr. Warre is faced by the truth that while society leads such a pitifully hollow life, sacrificing all to pleasure and frivolity, while fashionable mothers are such miserable models for the children they leave to their nurses to rear, the young sons of society cannot be other than what they are.

"The pater and mater bet," says the Eton boy, "and so do all our set, what's wrong with it?"

Dr. Warre is to be commiserated on the task he has in hand. Can a man by whipping turn a donkey into a horse?

The Clapton "Messiah."

The "Rev." Mr. Pigott's claims to divinity are to be shocked by a summons to attend a coroner's jury.

He is in a dilemma. As a mock "Messiah" he claims seclusion and worship; as a citizen he is called upon to do his municipal duty. He is "up against" plain facts, and he may be expected to break upon them.

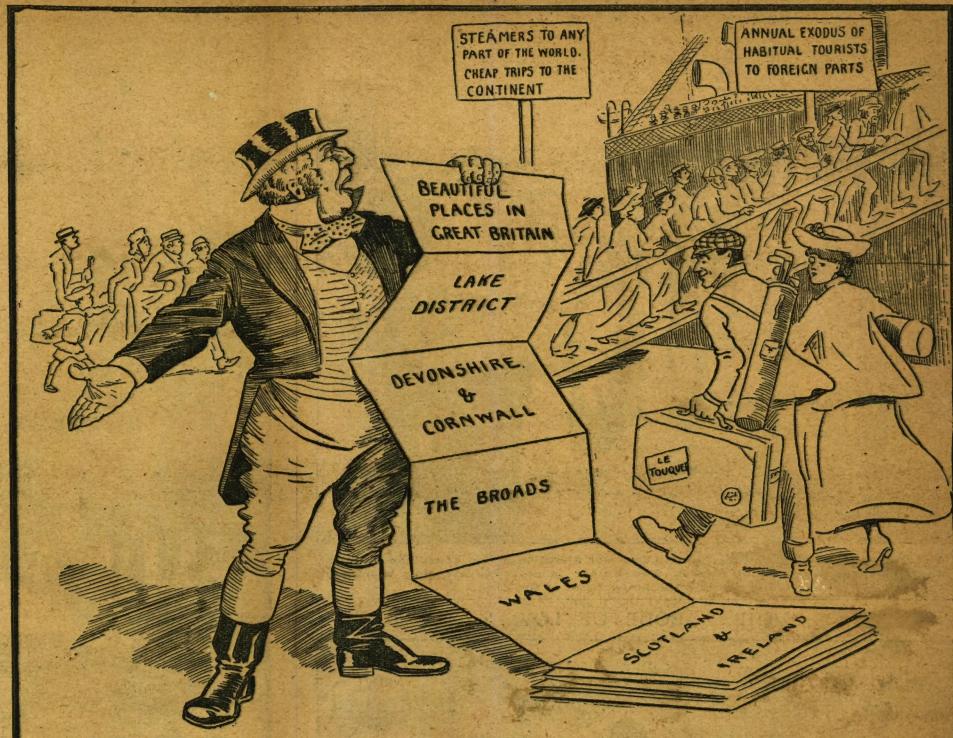
It is a pity that men of the Pigott and Dowie type, clearly suffering from religious mania and not in condition to conduct themselves as sane citizens, should be allowed to parade in public and preach and propagate their madness.

Thousands of their type are kept safely in public and private asylums throughout the country. The form of mania is now nothing. The merest tyro in medicine could certify to it. Why is it not made possible under the law to effect their arrest and keep them in custody?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If thou wouldest be wise, observe these six things I command you: Before speaking think what you say and where you say it, and to whom you say it; before writing, consider what you write, and to whom you write; before advertising,

GOOD-BYE FOR THE HOLIDAYS!



JOHN BULL (to the departing holiday-makers): Why not stop in your own country, and see something of its beauties? [The annual rush to the Continent has begun, and holiday-makers are off sight-seeing to every corner of Europe, quite oblivious of the many beauties of the British Isles.]

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

It is an odd coincidence that both Mrs. Campbell's and Mr. Lewis Waller's performances in French plays should fall on the same day. How many of those who see "Pellecas and McLisande" in the afternoon at the Vaudeville, with Madame Bernhardt in the part usually played by Mr. Martin Harvey, will go this evening to the Stafford House to compare Mr. Waller's pronunciation with Mrs. Campbell's? He ought to be able to speak French, for his father spoke it as well as he did English through spending much of his early life in France.

Anyhow, Madame Bernhardt has been coaching him during the rehearsals of their little play, and professes herself quite satisfied with the result of her efforts. She also declares that Mr. Waller is one of the most sympathetic actors she has ever played with. He has certainly quite got over that stony manner, that ice-cold aspect which prevented him for so long from being a convincing stage-player. Indeed, he has now for years past been the idol of the matinée girl.

It is true that there was a great "squash" as people came away from Lady Lansdowne's reception last week, but it was not so bad as "Belle" in the "World" makes out. "Belle" probably had an account of the scene from some fussy person who got her toes trodden on. As it was pouring with rain and there were hundreds of people all wanting their conveyances at the same moment, a certain amount of pushing was unavoidable. But to talk about the disappearance of "every instinct of chivalry and every vestige of good manners" is all rubbish.

A complaint in "Truth" this week has a little more substance in it. A "well-known foreigner" declares that fashionable people care about nothing but getting rich. "There is no trace of intelligence in society conversations but talk of money, and at an instant every face lights up with eager looks comes into the eyes." The author of a recent book on the subject was of the same mind. He declared that he saw everywhere on "smart" women's faces an expression of "hard, mercenary, devil-may-care materialism." Let us thank God that the disease of "smartness" has not yet affected all women.

Anyone who read the report of Mr. Joseph Walton's account (given in the House of Commons) of the walk he took near Oxford recently, and the difficulty he had in getting a policeman to sum up him with lunch, must have wondered why it goes so constantly interrupted by "laughter." They would have understood if they had heard it. Mr. Walton is an eminently serious person. He

speaks with the stiffness of an ancient door; sometimes he is impressive, for he generally has something sensible to say; but he never has any idea of being funny. That was why everybody laughed so much.

Mr. F. G. Adlai, who is to propose a tax on cats to-day at the meeting of the C.S.P.K.A. (solution in our next issue), is not a cat-hater by any means. Indeed, he believes a tax would do pusses much good. And his opinion is worth a good deal. He is one of those practical naturalists who can do things as well as write about them. He knows all there is to know about most kinds of animals, and sometimes, when she is naughty, says that his small daughter is the most troublesome little animal he ever met.

Most of us recollect Sunday schools are rather solemn places, where we went for reasons beyond our own control. According to the Rev. F. B. Meyer they must be very different now. He talks about "kissing games, dances, and pantomimes" being used as means to allure children into them. Where are these exciting Sunday schools to be found? Probably only in the excitable minister's imagination. However, they have given him something to protest against, and some people are never happy unless they are engaged in denunciation.

When Mr. W. S. Gilbert takes part in his own burlesque of "Hamlet" at the Garrick Theatre on the 19th it will not be by any means his first appearance on the stage." He has acted a good few times as an amateur, and he knows the "tricks of the trade" a good deal better than most professionals by reason of his constant attendance at the rehearsals of his pieces. Never was there a more severe "producer." Once a performer tried to excuse himself at a dress rehearsal for not being word-perfect by saying, "It'll be all right on the night." "That's for the public to judge," shouted Gilbert. "I'm here to see that it's all right now."

Sometimes he tries the quietly ironical method. A certain actress had to come on in a play of his and say, "Stay! let me speak." She insisted on making it "Stay! stay! let me speak!" in spite of all the author's instructions. At last he lost patience. "Wrong again, Miss D——," he said. "Try once more, please. It isn't 'Stay! stay!' but 'Stay! One stay, not a pair of stays.'" If he is as hard as this upon his fellow-playwrights who are to appear in "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," they are in for a bad time.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Hon. Arthur Elliot.

He has had all his life the reputation of a man who might do something some day. At last he has done it. It was he who headed the revolt against Mr. Chamberlain in the Liberal Union Club. It is he who is getting up another club which is to consist of the members who will not say "Protection." He will at last, with any luck, have a party all of his own.

He tried to have one when he was a follower of Mr. Gladstone, but it did not come off. Somehow, this sad-eyed, intellectual-looking, literary younger son did not inspire much confidence in his powers as a leader of men. However, he left the Gladstonian camp when the Home Rule sibboleth was put to all the great man's followers. He could not pronounce it rightly.

Strange how the habit of seceding grows upon a man. Now he has quit the party which he joined then, and the only thing he aims to do is to call together another for himself—if he can.

He is not much of a speaker. His manner is too much like that of Mr. Gerald Balfour, and suggests that he does not greatly like the world he looks out upon so critically from behind his gold-rimmed eye-glasses. He limps a little, too, as if he had grown weary of life.

He edits the "Edinburgh Review" in the manner of 1840, and as becomes the son of an earl. Possibly that is why nobody reads it.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Why Is the King Going to Marienbad Again This Summer?

His Majesty goes there regularly to drink the Marienbad waters and enjoy the beautiful scenery of the broad valley, which is encircled by pine-clad hills, and at an altitude of 1,912 feet.

The water from the springs is limpid, and though sharply salt is not disagreeable.

It acts as a tonic sedative to the nervous system and reduces any superfluous flesh.

It renews the King's strength after the wear and tear of the hard work that his sovereignty has entailed, and builds up his constitution for the work to come.

The "Tailor and Cutter" is delighted with a discovery it has made. Most of the members of the House of Lords are descended from tradespeople, and many of these tradespeople were tailors! Lord Ducis and Lord Essex are two instances of tailor-descended peers, while Lord Radnor's family was founded by a silk-mixer and Lord Warwick's by a wool-stapler, both occupations closely related to the tailoring trade.

THE KING, THE KAISER, AND THE PUDDLE.

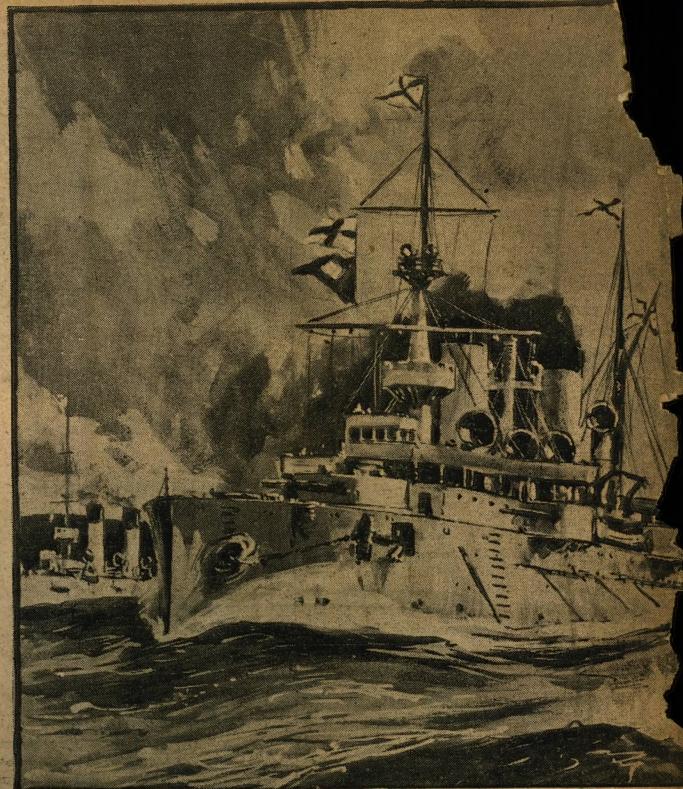


A snapshot of the King and the German Emperor about to go on board the Victoria and Albert, the King's yacht, at Kiel. The Kaiser is carefully avoiding a muddy puddle, much to the amusement of the King.

THE "ABODE OF LOVE."



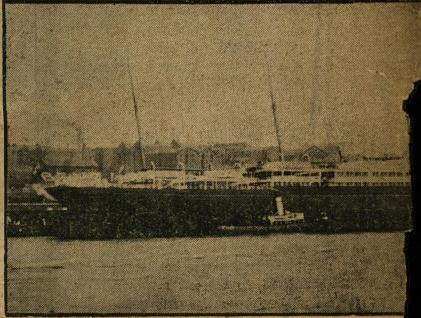
The "Abode of Love," the closely-guarded sanctuary of "Pigott, the Lamb," at Spaxton. Guarded from the interference of the general public by walls and an oath of secrecy administered to his followers, the "Clapton Messiah" spends his time in religious services and sweet converse with fair converts.



The Russian Vladivostok squadron, which has once again made a sortie from its harbour.

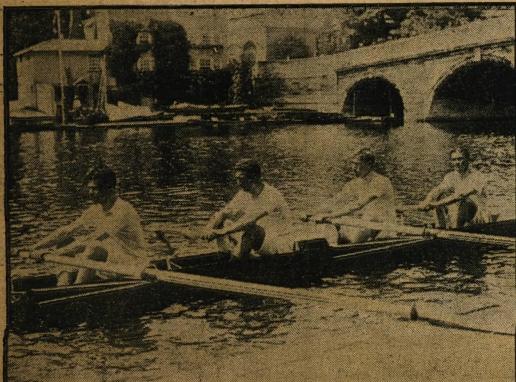


Baron Kodama, Chief of Staff to General Oyama, Supreme Commander of the Japanese Army.



The new White Star liner Baltic, the largest vessel in the world, on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic, carrying 1,200 passengers. Some idea of her enormous size can be gained from the fact that she has eight decks, and, when loaded, displaces 25,000 tons.

COMPETITORS WHO WILL TAKE PART IN HENLEY REGATTA NEXT WEEK.

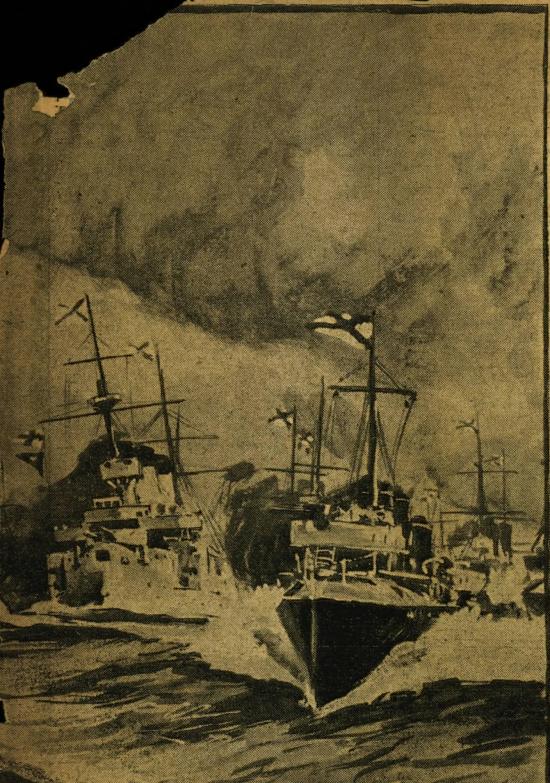


The Canadian team of the Winnipeg Rowing Club.



Mr. Low Scholes, of the Toronto Rowing Club, Canada, who may capture the Diamond Sculls this year.

RUSSIA'S ONLY HOPE



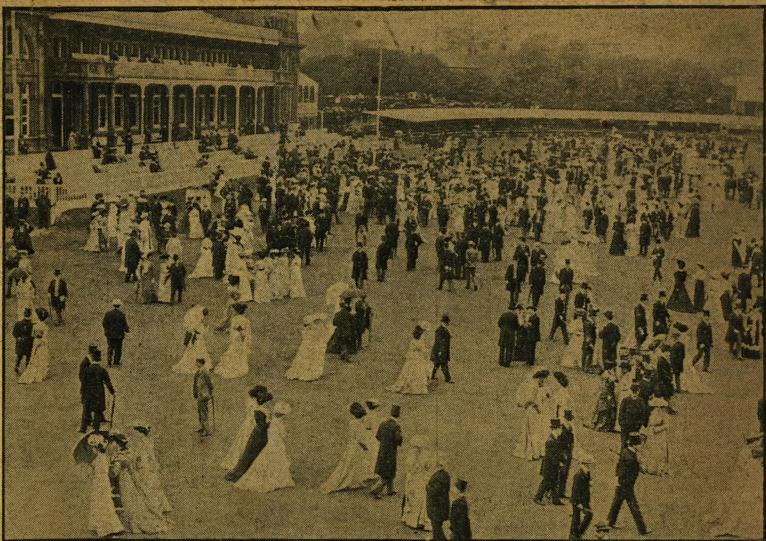
has attacked Gensan, the Japanese base on the east coast of Korea.



In the world. She has just started complement of 3,000 passengers, that she is 241 yards 2 feet in length, the 40,740 tons.

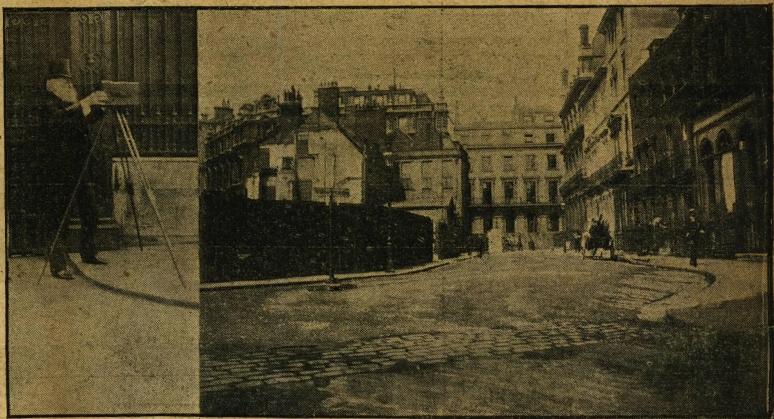


M. G. F. WATTS, R.A.
(See page 3.)



Yesterday was the first day of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match at Lord's. The customary promenade of well-dressed spectators previous to the ringing of the bell for clearing the field was an unusually pretty sight in the bright sunshine.

SIR BENJAMIN STONE, M.P., PHOTOGRAPHS VANISHING LONDON.



Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., president of the National Photographic Records Association, photographing in Spring-gardens, and the view he is taking. Those old houses in Spring-gardens are being demolished to make the new roadway from the Mall to Charing Cross.—(Photographs by Cailcott.)

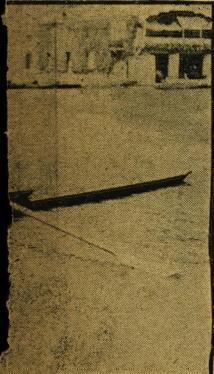
HOW STRAWBERRIES COME TO MARKET.



Loading a strawberry cart with baskets of fruit, ready addressed, for conveyance straight from the field to the railway.



Interior of a special strawberry train. The baskets are placed in tiers on special wire shelves.—(Photographs by Martin.)



Diamond Scullie.

FAIR PEDESTRIANS

A LOST CAUSE.

THE DISAPPOINTED SHORT-SKIRT BRIGADE.

Very few fashionable women have been able to withstand this summer the fascinations of the trailing muslin gown, which is so truly becoming. Some independent and strong-minded maidens still stalk about in skirts that clear the pavement, pressing into their service not only the serge and tweed fabrics that really are the only materials that bear curtaining, but grievously despouling lovely muslins and exquisite taffetas of their rightful due—plenty of length in the skirt. The generality of women wear trailing skirts.

How Not to Do It.

Mindful, however, of the vital teaching of the hygienists, the woman of to-day does make an effort to keep her skirts from contamination with the pavement. But alas! she knows not how to do it with grace, and her lamentably inelegant methods are the amusement and sometimes the consternation of all beholders.

What is the correct way of lifting the muslin frock with its voluminous flimsy widths? It is easier to describe the wrong way, for of a truth the right one is difficult to discover.

A Variety of Methods.

One girl takes her diaphanous outer muslin skirt, unlined, of course, though backed with softest chiffon, and boldly bunches it up right in front, letting her cambric petticoat fend for itself; and if it must, just touch the pavement all the way round. There is merit in that scheme, inasmuch as it looks rather quaint and early Victorian. Another (she is illustrated on this page) lifts both her dress skirt and her petticoat upon one side with undue zeal, disclosing to view several inches of silk stocking and a dainty shoe. One meets her constantly this summer; indeed, she is remarkably prevalent.

A third raises her dress on both sides, resting her hands on her hips, the consequence of which is that the poor skirt flops hopelessly over the ground at the back, and a fourth grabs the fullness of her gown below her waist at the back, presenting a very inelegant spectacle to the multitude.

On the whole, the safest and most elegant mode of procedure is the one that takes the skirt up on the left side, drapes it carefully high upon the hips, and rests the hand there. The woman who practices this plan will achieve success if she be careful to detach her dress from her under petticoat.

THE OPEN-AIR GIRL.

COOLING UNGUENTS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

An excellent lotion, called the "Motor-car," but equally suitable for the votaries of any other open-air, scorching pastime, is made by mixing an ounce of olive oil with an ounce of glycerine. To this is added half a teaspoonful of boracic acid. The whole is shaken together and is applied freely to the skin. It is very good for burns, and can be used as a wash for the hands when they have been scorched by the sun. The same is excellent for a sun-burned nose and for cheeks that have been scorched from a pretty peach to an ugly poppy-red colour.

For the open-air girl's nose there is still another lotion, which is even better than the last. It is made of olive oil and lime-water, and is to be applied to the burned nose before it has had time to blister. It will take out the soreness, and will enable the girl to add a little powder to the red-faced feature, as she could not do if it were sore and swollen.

Paste for the Hands.

The girl who does not wear gloves needs a paste for her hands if they are sore and stiff and red at first. She wants something that will act as a wash and a whitener, as well as something that will take away the roughness. This paste should be of a nature to make the skin supple, and there the pastes that actually do this, and do it well. A famous votary of athleticism goes to bed every night with her hands spread thick with a paste of powdered oatmeal and olive oil, encased in a cloth that are three sizes too big for her. It is a poultice, but it does bleach the hands.

It is a nice glove paste made by adding a cup of olive oil to a cup of bran. To this is added a half a teaspoonful of powdered soap, and enough water to make a very thick paste. This is made by those who do not want to spend a great deal of money on a paste.

The best brightener for the skin, and a disagreeable to handle, well repays the trouble. Do not make too much of the paste, or it will get it too moist. In the morning it is quite dry upon the hands, while the skin is absorbed all the moisture which it is

capable of taking up. It acts as a cooling agency to the skin.

The girl whose summer athletics make her hands very thin can rub them with vaseline and bran every night, after which she can slip on a very loose pair of gloves. Her hands will grow whiter and she will soon be glad that she has taken this trouble.

To the out-door woman, whose skin is in so neglected a condition that it has cracked and dried set in it, water will do very little good. The hands must be washed, literally washed, with vaseline, and the face must be washed with cold



It is by no means elegant to raise the skirts awkwardly in the manner shown above, though this is a vogue very frequently seen this season.

cream. Put it on liberally and let it remain on for five minutes; then wipe it off with a soft cloth. In ten minutes wash the face and hands well. It will be a surprise to see how much dust will come off.

NERVE-RACKED WOMEN.

WHAT THEY OUGHT TO AVOID AND TO DO.

If you are nerve weary and physically tired there are some things you must not do.

You must not sit in a close room with a number of persons all breathing the same atmosphere.

You must not eat irregularly, nor must you remain seated after eating. It is a very good thing to take a walk immediately after a meal.

Never if you are nervous lie down directly after eating. This will arrest digestion and make you irritable, if not very drowsy.

Don't, if you are nervous, attempt to sit more than an hour at a time. Even the working woman can manage to rise, move about, and, perhaps, throw open the window for a few minutes to give her ease.

Nervous women who suffer from insomnia can rise and throw open the door, as well as the windows of their room. Let the air circulate through the room. Sweet sleep will be the usual result.

Don't try, if you are nervous, to do much talking. Women who talk a great deal are sure to grow more and more nervous. Constant use of the vocal organs and the consequent strain upon the brain is very severe. Keep still and stop talking if you do not wish to become nervous.

Besides the made-up belts, it is possible to get strips of embroidery of a belt size, and separate buckles of every size and every conceivable combination of metal and precious stones with which to make up your own belts. There are beautiful

TRAILIN

ORIENTAL BELTS.

GIRDLES MADE FROM ANCIENT FABRICS.

If you wish to be quite fashionable, you must collect Oriental belts, of course, with a view to wearing them. Although the materials are usually Oriental, Chinese, or Bulgarian, and the buckles are set with jade, amber, chrysolite, and crystal, the making of the belt and the actual buckle designs are English.

Old embroideries are cut up to make these belts, and Oriental fabrics are embroidered with rich Eastern silks and in designs from rare Chinese tapestries.

One beautiful belt is a strip from a mandarin's coat, showing blue and violet embroidery on peacock-green satin, clasped with peacock's eye feathers and enamel in dull gold. Several are made from the old brocade petticoats of Chinese women, solid masses of flowers, and butterflies in various colours on old pale tinted brocade. The buckles for these butterfly belts are usually coloured crystal set in gold.

A lovely belt of white satin is covered with a twisted dragon in silver, with a silver dragon



Perhaps the most graceful mode of saving the dress from contamination with the pavement is the one depicted above.

buckle set with coral. Another of white linen is embroidered with lotus buds and fastened on a gold lotus flower, open and showing a heart of carved crystal.

Many of these belts are wide and crushed, while they narrow to fit the buckle in front. The buckles are rather bulky, with squares and circles of brilliant stones. Amethyst is beautiful on the white belts, and amber looks rich on the belts of white

corded poplin embroidered with gold dragons.

Every collector must have a belt of Japanese leather, stamped and painted, and of Japanese solid embroidered silk, such as many of the prevalent purses and bags are made of.

Pale-coloured leather belts are still very fashionable. Rose, yellow, blue, and grey leathers are embroidered with gold and silver, with hawthorn flowers, swirly monstrosities; and the buckles are of gold or silver set with stones that harmonize with the colour of the leather.

The simpler belts are of silk linen, embroidered with a flower or two, and fastened with a dull gold harness buckle, or of black satin with a flutter of brilliant butterflies and a clasp of Japanese leather and gold.

Besides the made-up belts, it is possible to get strips of embroidery of a belt size, and separate buckles of every size and every conceivable combination of metal and precious stones with which to make up your own belts. There are beautiful

hand-wrought silver buckles from Tibet, coral, uncut turquoise, and pearl.

Many of these Turkish buckles, as well as necklaces and bracelets, are actually valuable pieces of old jewellery, which will never be duplicated. Some of the beautiful large clasps have been used by Turkish belles to girdle their lovely gauze garments, the necklaces have been headbands, and the bracelets anklets. They are, indeed, valuable additions to the jewel-box.

THE HAT-WEARING MANIA.

A "GRANDE DAME" WHO WEARS HER HAT IN THE BATH.

Society women have been loud in their expressions of envy of the splendid hair possessed by some of the foreign women Salvationists here in London from Germany who wear no hats or bonnets.

Not only does a society woman wear a hat, but she is never without one throughout the day, and in evening toilette also wears some sort of head-covering.

One particular "grande dame," who is very particular about her coiffure, has the hairdresser in to do it every morning in her bedroom. He comes early, and at once crowns her tresses with her hat.

She then takes her bath and completes her toilette, wearing her hat all the time; nor does she ever take it off till dinner time.

The reason why women keep their hats on all day is that with the present puffed-out style of hair dressing the hair goes quite flat when the hat is taken off, and therefore unbecoming.

Women would rather suffer anything than not always look their best as far as possible, and a hat hides many defects.

THE SLAVE'S REVENGE.

"The stomach," says Souvestre, "is a slave which is obliged to accept everything imposed upon it; but finally avenges its wrongs with the slyness and cruelty of a slave."

The eminent French author has happily expressed an important physical fact. When one comes to reflect upon it there is something unique and pitiable about the position of the stomach in the human body. Upon no other organ except the lungs can you impose anything from the outside world. And it is your interest as well as your desire to draw into your lungs pure, fresh air only. And air in some form is the only thing the lungs ever receive. On the other hand, the stomach is a general receptacle, entirely at the mercy of its owner as to what shall be put into it, when, where, and how much. A man can throw into it anything that can be swallowed—every variety of food, any sort of drink, any amount of both, up to the bag's elastic capacity; and, if he wants to, he can put a heavy marble on top, and finish off with prussic acid.

The point is, as M. Souvestre says, that this important of all our organs is our slave. It cannot resist, it cannot call the police, it has no recourse to the law; it just takes what comes, and bears it all the time. But how to take care of the health, how to prevent the outbreaks of ailments, is a problem much more complex than it seems to be. Therefore, when the enslaved and outraged stomach turns and lashes its owner with the cat-o'-nine-tails called dyspepsia it must not be assumed, offhand, that the owner intended to drive his servant to desperation.

Mr. Thomas Anderson, of 50, Mill-lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne, described in writing on June 3, 1897, how his stomach punished him and what he did to cure his ills. He said: "For many years I suffered with indigestion and weakness. My appetite was bad, and after eating I had pain at the chest and bowels. I never felt well rested, was heavy and weary, got very weak, and at times had to leave my work. I tried several medicines and spent pounds in physic, but got little benefit. A friend told me of the benefit he derived from taking Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine and after taking it could eat well, and the food agreed with me. I soon found that the medicine was doing me more good than anything I had taken. By taking a dose now and again I keep in good health."

It will be seven years next June since Mr. Anderson made that statement, and he has not been ill since his stomach lashes him no more. Read for yourself what he says to us in a letter, dated at his old home, on February 15, this year:—"Gentlemen, it may interest you to know that since sending you my testimony in 1897 to the value of Mother Seigel's Syrup, I have continued to enjoy good health. I still take the medicine as I need it, and would not be without it in the house. When I think of how I suffered I am sorry I did not know of it sooner. I never had a proper night's rest, and I became so weak and languid that I could not work. Nothing did me any good but Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. That cured me, and I shall always be grateful."

It is better never to be sick, but when we do fall ill it is a grand fact that a cure is at hand in the form of Mother Seigel's Syrup, which soothes the stomach and transforms it once more into a willing and faithful servant—not a rebellious slave.

BOY APOSTLE IN LONDON.

Remarkable Youth Who Preached to Dolls When Two Years Old, and Is Now Converting Men.

Two religious personalities interest London at the present moment. One is the marvellous old man who has organised the Salvation Army, the other is a wonderful young boy whose preaching draws enormous audiences nightly.

The boy is an American named Lonnie T. Dennis. Every evening at eight o'clock, attired in a small surplice, accompanied by his mother, he preaches from a platform in a canvas tabernacle situated on some building land close to Holloway Station.

Lonnie T. Dennis is only ten years old, yet he stands before a vast audience with absolute self-possession. He preaches a simple Gospel sermon of marked originality of treatment, admirably phrased, and emphasised with energetic gestures. So energetic are these gestures that on one occasion the boy preacher tumbled right out of his

pulpit in an American chapel and nearly fell among his audience.

His appearance is striking. He has all the brightness and animation of childhood with the intellectuality of mature manhood. His forehead is high, his eyes are of unworldly brilliancy. His mouth is firm, full, and decided; the mouth of an orator.

The preaching of this boy is producing a most wonderful effect. His audiences are increasing by leaps and bounds, until at last the vast tent is hardly large enough to hold the flocking crowds.

People of all ages and creeds listen to him in dumb wonder, and his ministry has resulted in a great and increasing number of conversions.

Wonderful Sermons.

Last night the meeting to which he preached was roused to an almost unheard of pitch of religious enthusiasm, which showed itself in the most curious and varied ways.

The boy is inexplicable. He was born at Atlanta, Georgia, of a father of French and Indian descent, and a mother partially of African and American Indian blood.

At the age of two years his vision showed itself. From that time he was interested in preaching. He preached to congregations consisting of

his parents and half a dozen dolls which had been given to him to play with.

Neighbours looked in and listened to the youthful divine. He first preached publicly in Atlanta, when he was three years and eleven months old.

Then he taught himself to read and write in a way which is almost incredible. Playing about with printed matter he learned to write the alphabet, and almost before his parents realised the fact he was reading the Bible.

Taught by a Child.

From between five and six years of age and onwards he has addressed countless religious gatherings in no fewer than forty-three of the States of the Union. Wherever he goes men and women have written to him asking him for spiritual guidance.

Seen yesterday, he spoke of some of his experiences. The most difficult congregation to interest, he declared, was that made up of children of unruly proclivities. He had, he said, no scheme in preaching. He looked at his audience and was guided absolutely by his character.

The boy is accompanied everywhere by his mother, who helps in his services by singing verses of hymns unknown to the audience.

His plans for the future are not yet formed. For another week or two he will preach at Holloway, and then may make a tour of the provinces. Questioned as to what he will ultimately become, he answered modestly, "Guess I'll be a preacher."

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXVI. (continued.)

"Mrs. Chevenix is coming down the stairs," Miss Grizel would have been less than human had she not turned her head.

Beatrix gazed up also, and, as she looked, she drew her breath sharply. What had Margaret done to herself? for the change in her was marvellous, almost incredible.

Margaret Chevenix walked slowly down the wide staircase. She saw the two women waiting for her on the drawing-room landing—her husband's sister and her husband's daughter. How they must hate and despise her, and yet she must speak to both, accept their patronage or their contempt, for it was part of the bitter task in front of her.

She did not realise how she looked; she did not comprehend the start of surprise with which they greeted her. She had received one long letter from Beatrix informing her of the story the latter had set going in London. How she was a quiet, silent sort of woman who had passed all her life in a dull, sleepy village, unworldly, unpractical. She had done her best to look the part and to tone her manner to it, and she hardly guessed how well she had succeeded, how more than well. Her love for Robert Chevenix had given her the wit and the knowledge—that great, overwhelming love that the fire could not destroy nor the waters overwhelm.

She wore grey, and that, in itself, was a wise choice. A gown of very soft satin that fell in long clinging folds, and the grey resembled in tone the delicate hue of a dove's wing. It was cut very high, almost puritanically so, and draped about the shoulders with a soft white chiffon fichu, edged with some rare old lace, and a small bunch of violets fastened it like a breast knot.

Round her head Margaret had tied a bit of black velvet ribbon and a small diamond star glittered in the centre. She had brushed her hair, with a fringe away, and wore her hair parted in the middle, waved on each side of her face, and coiled tightly behind.

Her stage experience had taught her how to hold herself and manage her limbs, and she moved forward with a delicate dignity, her long train giving her height.

As she reached the landing she gave one swift, almost imploring glance at Beatrix, and then turned her eyes on Miss Grizel, waiting, with pathetic humility, for the other to speak.

Beatrix was touched, also delighted and relieved. Mrs. Chevenix would carry the game off, if she only acted her part as well as she looked it, for people might understand the attraction this grey Puritan would offer to a man like Robert Chevenix—sick to death of glitter and light, and his marriage would be regarded as reasonable, and by no means out of character with the man's nature.

As these thoughts flashed through Beatrix's brain, she stepped forward with outstretched hands and her rare smile.

"I am glad to see you," she said charmingly. "I have you and my father had a nice time away, Aunt Grizel; this is Mrs. Chevenix." She relished Margaret's cold head and moved back a little to allow Miss Grizel to come forward, but the old lady did nothing of the sort. She only surveyed the shrinking, nervous-looking woman with her sharp falcon-like eyes, gave a stiff jerk of the head, and then began to ascend the stairs.

"Tell your father, Trix," she said sharply and distinctly, whilst turning round to deliver her message, "that Jean and myself intend to dine in the morning-room by ourselves; also that we take our departure early to-morrow morning, leaving the house free for Mrs. Chevenix. You can also add, child," she went on bitterly, "that we are leaving

the furniture and pictures we brought here with us. We don't want to dismantle rooms or walls; besides, the poor things have lived here so long that it would be like cutting a branch from a tree, tearing ivy from the oak."

Margaret flushed all over her white face, and she put her hand to her side unconsciously, as if she had received a sudden stab at the heart, and wanted to press the wound. Then she glanced at Beatrix, as if she recognised her as a friend, and pleaded for advice, but Mrs. Heron just then looked blank. She was at a loss herself, and she realised that to interfere in the matter would do more harm than good.

No, Robert Chevenix's sister and his wife must have their fight between them; no one could help them, and least of all Beatrix.

Margaret gathered up her satin train, gathered it gracefully, and made a hasty step after Miss Grizel.

"Miss Chevenix," she said, in faltering tones, "do you mind speaking to me for a few moments? I think it would be better for everyone's sake if you did. Is there nowhere where we can go no small, quiet room, the drawing-room is so large?"

"It is the room I usually sit in," replied Miss Grizel coldly; "also I see no necessity for our holding any conversation together; still, if you wish it." Here she turned as she spoke, and made her stately way back to the drawing-room. "Come in, Beatrix," she said, as she passed her niece; "I should prefer you being present at this interview."

Beatrix nodded, and followed the two into the drawing-room. Miss Grizel seated herself in one of the large armchairs, and surveyed the other woman like a judge.

Margaret hesitated for a second, swaying backwards and forwards. When she spoke, her voice was pitched in a low key, but she spoke very clearly, though obviously with some effort.

"Will you not unsay what you have just said, Miss Chevenix? About leaving this house with your sister—because—because of myself?" she faltered for a second, then went on in firmer tones;

"I do not think I should trouble you much; I shall keep entirely to my bedroom and sitting-room." Beatrix noticed, and noticed with approval, that she did not say boudoir, "and we should only meet at lunch and dinner, or receptions like these. I may as well tell you at once that I do not intend to go out; Mr. Chevenix knows that. I am not strong, and I do not care for society. Dinners and receptions I suppose I must appear at, but I shall go nowhere else."

"Are you an invalid, you look strong enough?" Miss Grizel sniffed as she spoke, but Beatrix fancied there was a shade less acidity in her voice, a softer gleam in her eye.

"I am not strong," Margaret repeated her words softly. "And I have a great aversion to society. I do not belong to the world of great people, and I have no desire to enter it. Will you not make up your mind to stay here?" she went on pleadingly;

"I promise you shall see so little of me that you will almost forget my presence in the house."

"But the—excuse the teacher—" Miss Grizel burst out, "Why didn't Robert tell Jean and me about you, before he shirked off to get married in such backwoods fashion? We have devoted our lives to him; given him our youth, our time, ourselves, and he takes a wife without even telling us that he cared for any woman enough to marry her. And why did he marry you, madam—was it for love?" Her taunt was bitter, but her own jealous sorrow was making Miss Grizel very cruel and hard.

"Mr. Chevenix could hardly have married me out of ambition," replied Margaret, with a touch of dignity, "and doubtless he guessed that you would not approve his choice, and so kept me a secret."

"I should have welcomed any woman my brother chose to marry," said Miss Grizel, holding her head high. "Like King Cophetua, of old, my brother could marry a beggar maid. He is strong enough and powerful enough to effect a mésalliance without hurt to himself. Not that he has done so in your case, of course; a lady is a lady

always." She paused a second, and then went on hurriedly. "But I am stirring from the point I have been denied my brother's confidence, and that plainly shows me the small share I have in his life. I have no quarrel with you, Mrs. Chevenix, nor has my sister. But it would be impossible for us to remain here, quite impossible." As Miss Grizel spoke, the drawing-room door opened with a jerk, and Lady Cary ran in unannounced. She had been bidden to the family dinner-party, and had arrived early to chat with Beatrix. She started as her eyes fell on Margaret, and then her whole manner stiffened.

"Do take me to your room, Aunt Grizel," she said, and then turned to her pale hostess. "I must apologise for coming so early, Mrs. Chevenix," then she flushed round and addressed Beatrix. "Won't you come up to Aunt Grizel's sitting-room? Trix? Then we can all three have a talk."

Beatrix Heron shook her head. Feodora and her heartless rudeness, jarred on her, and she looked at the pretty, fairy-like little person with disapproval. Feodora stood up smiling maliciously, and glittering with jewels; but Beatrix suspected that she was shallow and empty-headed as well as cruel, and Feodora lost the charm she had possessed for Beatrix.

Miss Grizel, however, rose to her feet and linked her lean arm in Lady Cary's, and the two women left the room together. It seemed to Margaret's morbid fancy as if they pulled their skirts away as they passed her; but this was a mere foolish delusion on her part. However, the slight was obvious, and the blood rushed to her cheeks. As soon as the door had closed, she turned to Beatrix, and her voice, when she spoke, was strained and harsh.

"Please don't stay here on my account, Mrs. Heron. I am sorry I made the mistake of coming down so early; I shall know better another time."

"You must not speak like that," returned Beatrix quietly, "this is your house, and you are sole mistress here. I am afraid you thought Lady Cary rather rude, but I am a thoughtless person, and an amateur way with her. When you know her better—"

"When I know her better," interrupted the other bitterly. "Oh, for heaven's sake, Mrs. Heron, don't mock me like that. Do you think I don't feel and realise my position. I am hated by you all, and no wonder. I look the sort of wife for the Premier, 'don't I?'" she laughed fiercely. "How shall I ever have the courage to get through this evening, with all the world and my wife coming to stare at me? Hadn't I better appear as an artist, and sing one of my songs? I made a fair success as Molly Devine, a better success than I shall to-night."

"Hush, hush," exclaimed Beatrix. "Try and calm yourself, and never forget that walls have ears. For my father's sake, try to get through this evening bravely. You look charming; but you don't know how charming, and you will be your own excuse."

"I was pretty, years ago," answered Margaret, a little soothed by the kind speech, "but now, why haven't I got the courage to kill myself? You don't know how thankful I am to you; yes, and I can understand the relief he would find, and—Trix! How great a comfort!" She smiled faintly. "I cut my hand yesterday as a sort of preliminary to cutting my throat; but, there, the sight of blood sickened me, as I might have known it would. I am a failure all along the line—even as a suicide."

"Margaret," began Beatrix, with some horror grasping the other's arm, whilst the woman writhed herself away with fierce force.

"Don't call me Margaret," she protested wildly, "or try to be kind to me; we can never be really anything to each other, for our lives have been so different. Think of the gulf between Molly Devine and Beatrix Chevenix. Oh, I've led a hard, cruel life, and you, you're fed upon lies and roses, and the way has been plain to your feet. You've never worked for your daily bread, have never starved, almost begged."

"Never mind," replied Beatrix steadily, drawing the poor, half-hysterical woman into the shelter of her strong young arms. "Those sad days are over now. Remember that you are my father's

DANGERS OF BARGAIN-HUNTING.

How Excited Ladies Lose Their Purses.

After season sales are on, and bargain-hunters are thronging the pavements of the leading London thoroughfares in their thousands.

"We have never been so rushed," said the manager of T. J. Harries and Co., of Oxford-street, to a *Mirror* representative yesterday. "Everywhere there was a crush. Ladies scrambling for the newest French models in hats, toques, and costumes. Maids standing near, weary-looking, and heavily-laden with their mistress's purchases."

In other centres of fashion crowds were equally eager to buy things at half price.

Maison Nouvelle, where bonnets and hats cost anything from six guineas to three, was also the haunt of ladies of high degree yesterday.

Special precautions are taken by the management of West End firms to protect their customers against pickpockets.

One manager told a *Mirror* representative that he had six ex-police officers to look out for suspicious characters. Luckily no complaints have been made so far of ladies losing their purses, but he stated that ladies were very careless.

They placed their purses on the counters, garments and blouses were piled on to them, and when the goods were removed the purses were frequently swept away.

wife. Dry your tears, dear Margaret, and believe that good days are in store. As for this evening, I'll help you through it. Yes, dear, I promise you I will, and when I say a thing I mean it."

CHAPTER XXVII. After the Reception.

The reception was over, the last guest had gone, and Margaret Chevenix was free to bethink herself to the shelter of her own room. She was so tired and exhausted that everything in the large drawing-room seemed to swim before her eyes in a sort of hazy mist, and she had hardly strength left to rise from her chair. She had a dim recollection that Beatrix had told her that she had played her part splendidly, told her so with flashing eyes, and she remembered that Miss Grizel and Miss Jean had, after all, consented to appear, and Miss Jean had spoken gently to her; yes, she remembered that clearly.

How many hundreds of people had she shaken hands with as she stood by the door, watching the seemingly never-ending crowd of guests ascend the wide staircase? Peers and pettresses, bishops and their wives, big rich men, clever men, great men, academics, actors, musicians, aristocratic offshoots of all sorts, generals, barristers, authors of note, beautiful women, plain women, women covered with diamonds, scientists, explorers, girls just budding into roses, grandmothers of seventy.

Her brain reeled as she recalled the long procession, and they had all assembled, to do her honour—to do honour to the woman who had once been known as Molly Devine. She laughed a little for all her exhaustion and fatigue as the awful irony of the situation got upon her nerves.

She did not think she had disgraced Robert though; no, she was sure she had not. She could feel quite satisfied on that point. She remembered how troubled he had looked, for all his air of Jovian majesty when they took their stand together at the drawing-room door. She had not met him face to face since their strange wedding-morn, when they had made vows and promises at a quaint, old church in Norfolk, and parted at the church door, not to meet again till they met in Portland-square. For though they stayed at the same hotel, a large suite of rooms ensured complete seclusion to each of the unhappy people whom fate and Paul Carew had united in the bonds of holy matrimony.

He had glanced at her with some relief, at least, she had fancied so, and she understood quite well why he had not dined at home. He had feared the sort of woman who might sit opposite to him and had put off till the fast moment seeing the wife he had to present to his mother. Well, the much cowardliness might be understood. Even the greatest man on earth must have his ogre and put-off moment in a well-known giant, and the bugbear of more than one successful personage.

Still, she had not disgraced him. No woman can be wholly blind to the impression she makes on the world, and Margaret could not help feeling that she had made a curious sort of success.

Beatrix, with careful speech, had led up to this result herself, and Margaret had done the rest herself.

"A lavishly lady," that was what Lord Elmisle had called her; the man who had often made or marred a woman's reputation for beauty. He had put her on a safe shrine, and how she had laughed in her tired, broken heart.

The candles were burning down and guttering in their sockets, and the whole atmosphere was heavy with the scent of fading flowers; the big room looked desolate in the extreme. Margaret remembered that her maid would be waiting to stain to undress her, the prima, next maid she had seen since the last time that afternoon, so she rose to her feet with an effort, to sink back on her chair with a low cry as the door opened softly and her husband entered.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

WORRIED BY PARTY WHIPS.

How Apathetic M.P.s Are
Harassed by the Party
Sheep-dogs in Critical
Times.

At the present time a member of Parliament's life is not a happy one. The Party Whips give the M.P.s no peace. Members are warned that there

sengers open the committee-room doors; and, in stentorian tones, announce "A division!"

Then, members remembering that the Opposition are trying to get snatch victories, there is a wild rush for the division lobbies. The members who are athletic, or who keep in good form by playing golf, get through the Committee corridor to the division lobbies very soon, taking three stairs at a time, and bounding through the passages like greyhounds.

But there are members who are not athletic, and who don't play golf because they have arrived

at the age of aches and pains; and it would be amusing if it were not pathetic, to see them toddling along at the rate of half a mile an hour, and arriving at the entrance to the lobby just in time—to be shut out.

This happens almost every day now, and the interesting incidents are repeated in the evening, when members are in the libraries, the dining halls, or the smoking rooms, although the distance from these places is not so great as that from the Committee-rooms, which are upstairs, and some at the end of very long corridors.

WATCHFUL WHIPS.

The Whips are very watchful. If a member is seen quietly passing from the lobbies towards the outer entrances he is stopped, and has to promise to return at a certain time or communicate frequently by telephone.

If he goes to a theatre he is kept in a state of nervousness lest he should at any moment be sent for by the party officials. He is afraid to commence a game of billiards at his club for the same reason, and in the cool of the evening to think of Venice at Earl's Court is out of the question.

At the approach of an important division members frequently talk against time while their Party Whips are busy getting in sufficient members from the clubs and theatres to ensure a good majority. On these occasions Palace-yard presents an animated scene, members hurriedly arriving in cabs, carriages, and motor-cars.

When a big division has been expected in the evening the Whips on more than one occasion have telegraphed as far as 200 miles for members.

There are many members of Parliament at the present time who are sighing deeply for "a lodge in some vast wilderness."

SOCIETY'S BAD MANNERS.

Smart Women Fight for Carriages at Lansdowne House.

It is a well-known fact, becoming daily more firmly established, that the best born people are the worst mannered.

Where one expects good manners and gentleness one meets with more rudeness, vulgarity, and pushing than in a crowd of costers.

Things have been gradually getting worse. People struggle to be first out of church, as they do out of the rain at a fete, and no place is exempt from their vulgar pushing.

One would have thought at the King's Palace people would be worse, but at a State Ball, or Court, it is perhaps worse than anywhere else.

A lady catches her veil on an ornament or the bouquet of another. She does not wait to disentangle it carefully, but tears away her property, often with an audible remark by no means polite.

The climax, however, was reached at Lansdowne House on the occasion of Lord and Lady Lansdowne's reception in honour of the King's birthday. The party was not over until long after midnight, and when the entrance hall was finally reached it took a great many people an hour and three-quarters to get away.

Great ladies completely forgot themselves, and positively screamed at the servants to get their carriages. They stood upon each other's feet and saw with malicious delight the wreck of an elegant costume.

When the last guest had gone the hall looked like the scene after a rummage sale, so many and varied were the trophies left behind. The host and hostess themselves retired to bed before the last of their guests had left.

PRINCE "PAYS HIS FOOTING."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Thursday.

When the Crown Prince of Germany boarded the Empress's yacht Iduna at Cuxhaven the sailors, as a joke, treated him as a landsman.

They lashed him to the mast, and refused to let him go until he had "paid his footing."

Entering into the spirit of the jest, the Prince paid generous toll, to the men's great delight.

BEAUTY MARRED MADE PERFECT AGAIN.

INDISPUTABLE CURE OF OBESITY.

Nothing is so distressing to a lady or gentleman of refinement as a condition of corpulence that seems to defy all remedies. There are many, even, who esteem themselves fortunate if, by methods entailing semi-starvation and other disagreeable restrictions, they can keep the corpulent tendency within bounds for a time. This, of course, engenders physical weakness and may induce anaemic symptoms, so that more nourishment is called for, with the natural result that the fat begins to develop anew.

Just as there can be no perfect beauty where there is excessive fatness, there can be no real beauty without health; and only a system which can permanently cure corpulence whilst increasing health, strength, and vitality is of any true value. Many so-called remedies are not only merely temporary as regards reduction of weight, but are pernicious, are ruinous to the constitution, and should be carefully avoided.

The one treatment that fulfils all the desirable conditions as a lasting and radical cure for obesity, and as a tonic and strength-giving régime, is the well-known "Russell" treatment, which has done wonders for so many of our stout friends and readers. The "Russell" treatment not only does not call for any unreasonable and discomforting restrictive measures as regards dietary, but absolutely requires that the subject shall partake regularly of a normal quantity of wholesome, well-prepared food. Everything is pleasant and easy with this ideal treatment. The chief curative agent is a purely vegetable and perfectly harmless liquid compound. Its effect is dual. It aids powerfully in the process of throwing out of the system all the superfluous fat deposits, both internal and subcutaneous, and it promotes a keen and healthy appetite, assists digestion and nutrition, and effectively tones up and revivifies the entire system. Thus, by increasing and solidifying the muscular fibre, and by giving increased nerve force, it gets the body in a fit condition to withstand the rapid decrease of weight in superabundant fat.

That is the whole process—one that has given permanent health, comfort, and elegance to thousands. In the standard work, "Corpulence and the Cure," by the founder of the "Russell" treatment, there will be found, besides the most exhaustive information on the causes and the cure of corpulence, and the recipe of the compound described above, a host of extracts from letters of men and women who have found salvation in the "Russell" treatment. These are worth careful study, as they prove beyond possibility of dispute not only the permanent reductive effects of the treatment, but also its great strengthening and vitalizing effect upon the constitution. For this purpose our stout readers are strongly advised to procure a free copy of "Corpulence and the Cure" (19th edition, 256 pages). This can be had by sending three penny stamps to "D. Day & Son, under private chaperone of the well-known author and specialist, Mr. F. C. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C., who will take pleasure in forwarding the book" by return mail. Nothing could be more interesting to stout persons than Mr. Russell's lucidly-composed treatise.

The weight-reducing value of the "Russell" treatment may be judged by the established fact that within twenty-four hours of beginning it there is, in quite ordinary cases of obesity, a reduction varying between 1lb. and 2lb. Then, day by day, there is a steady loss until elegant proportions and normal weight are reached. The treatment may then be set aside. There is no need for any further trouble, as, with the proper observance of the rules of hygiene, the cure will be found to be permanent.

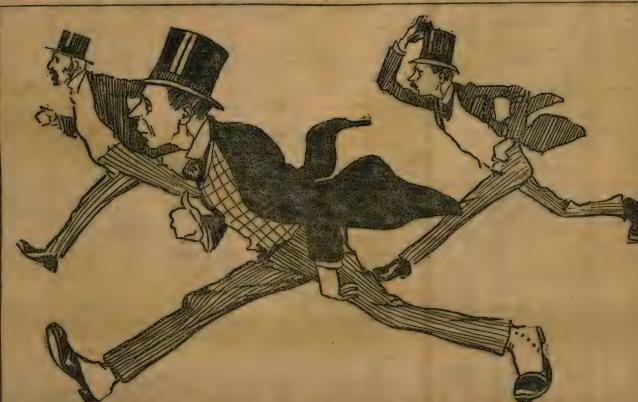
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A FAMOUS BOOK.

"Corpulence and the Cure"

By F. CECIL RUSSELL.

This Standard Work on the Causes and the Cure of Obesity (256 pages) will be sent, post free, under plain sealed envelopes, to any reader of "THE DAILY MIRROR" who will apply to Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, 27 Store Street, London, W.C., enclosing three penny stamps. "Corpulence and the Cure" contains most exhaustive information on everything of interest to suffer from obesity, or to those who have a tendency to stoutness; also weights and tables relating to the human frame in respect of natural proportions. Besides these, there is the "recipe" of the principal compound forming part of the "Russell" treatment, showing its purely harmless vegetable nature together with hundreds of unsolicited testimonial from grateful patients in all parts of the globe, and copious extracts from the medical and general press endorsing and highly commanding Mr. Russell's now famous system.



The rush from the distant Committee-rooms when the division bell rings.



TOO LATE!

In spite of his best endeavours, the Member finds the Division Lobby closed.

must be less apathetic and a readier response to division bells or the Government may be compelled to—well, no matter!

Lord Salisbury says the Government will be kept going for many more months, and this means that the Whips intend to be more exacting during the remaining days of the session.

What is happening now has frequently occurred before. The present Government has been in power so long that many of the members are heartily sick of their parliamentary duties, and have no intention of seeking re-election, while others, who were sent to Westminster by very small majorities, know that at the next appeal to their constituents they will be defeated.

The situation has its humorous side. Of the 60 odd members of Parliament not more than 60 are "talkers." Of the rest many are good business men, merchants, traders, town and county councillors, or lawyers, and at this time of the year they are engaged on Select Committee work, which means entering the precincts of St. Stephen's at eleven or twelve o'clock in the day, and being kept busy for several hours before going into the House proper.

If a division takes place when the Committees are sitting the electric bells are set ringing in all parts of the building, and the Parliamentary mes-

BATTLE OF THE BLUES AT LORD'S.

A Gay and Brilliant Scene and Interesting Cricket in the Annual Encounter.

HONOURS EASY AT CLOSE OF PLAY.

"I think it is simply outrageous starting the match at half-past eleven in the morning," said a portly dowager as she came into the gates with two delightfully pink and white misses, looking cool and eager for the fray, in such gauzy-looking confections of lace, muslin and silk.

"It is perfectly outrageous, and Ethel and Hilda have worried me to death over the matter this morning. Percy has been talking to them about the cricket, and Marsh's batting and somebody else's bowling, and they insisted on getting here to time so as not to miss any of the play. It's simply scandalous."

Meanwhile Ethel, Hilda, and Percy had hurried away to their places in a smart drag, among the first in the field. The gates and turnstiles were meanwhile clinking to a merry tune, and soon all was animation, and the poor man who attempted to thoroughly study one masterpiece of the dressmaker's art had his attention riveted by another before he could make even a mental note.

Lace, muslin, gauze, silk, green, red, cream, pink, now and again white or black, mauve, light blue, dark blue, even crimson and red, yellow, every colour assailed the eye, presenting in the conglomeration a kaleidoscopic picture too bewildering to single out its details, and too charming in its fascinating beauty to attempt to leave in its entirety, to describe minutely.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

There is, however, the other side of the picture. The "Varsity Match" is one of the big sporting events of the year. Like the Boat-race, it appeals to Englishmen because the taunt of money and the thoughts of "gate" have not yet entered the heads of those twenty-two young Englishmen who are battling for the honour of their Alma Mater. Keener than the keenest of county cricketers, all their matches have led up to one, the "battle of the Blues" at Lord's, at the close of the lefthy month of June. A contest of this kind is sure to draw a gate, and the cricket enthusiast did not grumble about an 11.30 start, or the fact that he might have to stay on to see the finish till seven o'clock on Saturday evening. It was sport with him. "The play's the thing."

There need not seem quite so many drags round the green sword as on some previous occasions; but all the same there was very little room to spare, except on the little green by the side of the pavilion, where another half-dozen might possibly have been accommodated.

The first information came from a sweet-faced brunette, a charming picture in mauve, "ile" and dark blue, who volunteered the remark that "poor Mr. Norris had had to give up his place owing to his injured hand. But," she said, "Mr. Evans is just sweet, he has given the place to Mr. Branton, so dear old Charterhouse will not be out in the cold." From this it may be imagined that the little woman had a soft place in her heart for the Carthusians, and perhaps a brother, cousin, or mayhap a sweetheart at Godalming.

COME FOR THE CRICKET.

"Bravo! that's good business," said a Panama-hatted, keen-faced looking athlete, one of the men who had come for the cricket, and cared not a rap for the frills and furbelows, and the pageants of loveliness around him. "Cambridge have won the toss. I'll bet you a shilling they'll make 300."

Gradually the ground began to fill, and gradually the seats in the stands looked more and more like an old-world flower garden, with hollyhocks, roses, and the thousand-and-one blooms of summer, blending in picturesque confusion.

The umpires, Titchmarsh and burly "Jim" Phillips, came out, and although the turf was cleared the promoters had the ground conditioned. Slowly the seats were filled, and when Evans led out his merry men, handkerchiefs were flung up in a hearty burst of applause arose from the crowd.

The play was criticised freely and impartially, batsmen, bowlers, and fielders all came in for their share, and when at lunch-time, 1.30 p.m., Cambridge had scored 105 runs in two hours' play for the loss of three wickets, it was generally voted that the cricket had been slow.

THE MUSLIN PARADE.

In the arbutus which flank the practice-ground, on the drags, and in the members' enclosures for the next three-quarters of an hour a much merrier game was played. Knives, forks, and glasses and pretty fingers made more free with the good things provided by thoughtful butlers than the Cantabs had done with the Oxford bowling. Then came the parade, and sille and muslin in rainbow-like variety strolled on the turf, all merrily, full of life and vivacity, and revelling in the delightful sunshine of a typical June day.

More cricket, and finally the close of the Cambridge innings for 233, "a poor score," said the critics, but society were prepared to accept it for another chance for a stroll. Oxford in, more chaff and merriment. The close, and society went home to dinner, and the cricket enthusiast lingered on

the classic spot, and chatted over the events of the day with his brothers of the bat. A typical Oxford and Cambridge gathering under the best possible conditions.

THE GAME DESCRIBED.

Marsh and Keigwin opened the Cambridge innings to the bowling of Burn and Evans. In his first over Burn, a slow left-handed bowler, who is reputed to be a "swerver," almost bowled Marsh. Keigwin, the most stolid batsman of the twenty-two, early on gave a taste of what was to follow by putting back the first over sent down by Evans. Marsh, however, soon got to work, but after scoring the first 13 runs he received a nasty rap on the arm from Evans, and the next ball he cocked up to Raphael standing at mid-on.

Mann was the next batsman, and he soon got to work with a capital square cut off Evans, his score stood at 17. Eyre came in, and after making 16 was bowled by Burn at 22. Just before lunch Keigwin, who was now partnered by Phillips, sent the 100 up with a square-leg hit to the boundary, and for a few overs runs came at a fast pace. In his 42 Mann hit no fewer than eight 4s.

Meanwhile Keigwin found it quite impossible to get the ball away, and for over an hour his score stood at 17. Eyre came in, and after making 16 was bowled by Burn at 22. Just before lunch Keigwin, who was now partnered by Phillips, sent the 100 up with a square-leg hit to the boundary, and at the interval the score was 105 for three wickets.

A SURPRISE FOR PHILLIPS.

Burn soon bowled Phillips after lunch with a beautiful break back, which seemed to take the Cantabs altogether by surprise. Perhaps the ball swerved, but this it was impossible to see from the Press box. Phillips, however, looked quite thunderstruck when he saw his wicket disarranged. A couple of successes then fell to Martin, who got both Keigwin and McDonnell caught behind the wicket at 187 and 188. Keigwin had batted two hours and fifty minutes for a most painstaking and valuable innings of 38 out of 157 made during his stay. McDonnell hit vigorously for 36 during a short but merry innings.

Wilson, the Cantab captain, and Fry, a cousin of the Sussex captain, made a capital stand. Sixty-eight runs were added to the score in less than an hour before Fry stopped a straight ball from Ernsthhausen with his pads and was given out. A similar fate befell F. V. Hopley 6 runs later, and then the end soon came, the last three wickets only adding 17 runs.

Martin, although somewhat erratic at times, bowled very well, and with five wickets for 70 runs, had by far the best analysis.

The Oxford innings was commenced at ten minutes past five, and the Dark Blues for a time fared badly. Their best batsman, Raphael, was caught at 30, and at 36, Awdry fell to a beautiful left-handed catch at point by McDonnell. Carlisle was dismissed at 46, and the prospects of the Cantabs gaining a big advantage before the close of play seemed very bright indeed.

Evans, however, came to the rescue of his side, and, with Branton, the eleventh hour choice, giving him invaluable aid, the collapse was stayed. Both men played well, and remained together until half-past six, when Oxford, with seven wickets in hand, were 169 runs behind.

Present score and analysis—

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

J. E. March, c Raphael	15	E. R. B. Fry, b Burn	9
R. W. Awdry, v. Bird	12	E. R. B. Fry, b Burn	26
K. W. Ayer, c Bird	35	M. W. Payne, b Burn	6
G. W. Ayer, b Martin	38	F. V. Hopley, c Evans	2
H. C. McDonnell, c Bird	16	b Martin	2
F. B. Phillips, c Bird	35	G. C. Parker, not out	16
b Martin	46	Extras	16
Total	253		

FALL OF THE WICKETS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
15	72	92	117	157	168	233	242	250	253

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

J. E. Raphael, c Eye	12	W. H. B. Evans, not out	21
R. W. Awdry, v. McDonnell	22	G. T. Branton, not out	15
K. W. Ayer, c Payne	9	Extras	4
L. D. Brownie, c Bird	18	Total (for 3 wkt.)	34
C. D. McIver, W. S. Bird, and R. W. Burn to bat.	26		

FALL OF THE WICKETS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
30	31	46	67	2	Ernsthause	18	0	26	2

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.—First Innings.	O. M. R. L. W.	O. M. R. L. W.						
Burn	24	67	2	Ernsthause	18	0	26	2
Evans	22	6	1	Branton	2	0	3	0
Martin	26.2	70.5	1					

Martin bowled a no-ball.

(For other Cricket see page 15.)

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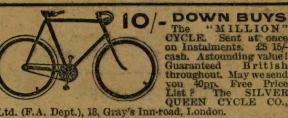
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MEN, WOMEN

"How to be a Successful Man" is told as daintily as only a woman could tell it, and the woman is the inimitable Vesta Tilley.

CHILDREN

are also appealed to with pictures, stories, puzzles, jokes, music, in next Sunday's "Weekly Dispatch," the Newsy Paper that has something for

EVERYBODY.

SPLENDID RACING AT NEWMARKET.

Rock Sand Wins the Princess of Wales's Stakes in a
Canter—Sundridge Champion Sprinter.

SPECIAL DESCRIPTION BY "GREY FRIARS."

NEWMARKET, Thursday Night.

There was a large and distinguished company presented under the leafy shade of the plantation when Sir J. Miller's Rock Sand was saddled this afternoon for the Princess of Wales's Stakes.

This £10,000 stake has often fallen to very moderate horses, and the opposition to-day to Rock Sand was very weak. Cheers was under suspicion as to soundness, and nothing much could be said in favour of such horses as William Rufus, Exchequer, and Saltpeatre with Rock Sand in the field. That was the emphatic opinion of practical men seen in the meet. There was scarcely any speculation, and the prohibitive odds of 100 to 6 were asked for Rock Sand. There was some fancy betting as to the placing of the subordinate lot, and backers, without exception, who played this game all lost, since Rock Sand won in style and the outsider of the party, Saltpeatre, finished second.

The day was delightful, and the course, although hardening under the continuous sunshine and the galloping of the racers, still afforded pretty good going. The start over the Suffolk Stakes Course of a mile and a half is screened from the view of people on the stands by a belt of trees, but when the competitors came into view we saw Rock Sand leading from Cheers and Exchequer. As they came down into the dip rock Sand was travelling still in front, and Cheers appeared to be going very well on the stand side, but, unfortunately, immediately afterwards broke down, and a quarter of a mile from home Saltpeatre took second place.

Rock Sand Wins.

William Rufus fell to pieces coming up the hill, and Rock Sand, though winning in a canter, only scored by a couple of lengths from Saltpeatre, who, in getting second place, won 1,500 sovs for Mr. Leonard Brassey; and William Rufus, in just beating Exchequer for third place, won 1,000 sovs for Mr. Musker.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and, indeed, the vast assemblage of notables, adjourned right to the end of the plantation to see the race for the July Cup, which was expected to be a battle royal between Sundridge and Cossack. The owner of the former, in a proposed match, had declined to meet Sir James Miller's horse over any distance greater than five furlongs. Now the distance was six furlongs, and, moreover, Sundridge was conceding Cossack 6½—Blackwell's patrons, and the sharpest men in the ring, were very sanguine of defeating Sundridge, and many of the big backers stepped in and laid 600 to 400 on Cossack to win some thoughts.

There were ominous rumours among people who should have been well posted about Sundridge, but that horse had plenty of friends. The third candidate, Orchid—was practically neglected. At his best he could scarcely cope against either of the others, and, in addition, his erratic temper was a big factor against him. Indeed, Orchid showed rasciousness, and delayed the start.

There was breathless gazing as Sundridge came bowing down the hill at terrible speed, with M. Cannon sitting quite still. Cossack was close up, and on the first five furlongs Maher, his rider, did not seem uneasy. It subsequently turned out that Maher was afraid to move as Cossack was not in his best mood.

Sundridge's Splendid Running.

When the sixth furlong was entered on we watched with intense interest for any change, but none occurred, and to the finish Sundridge galloped on a right line, and smoothly, with a commanding lead, and ultimately won by a length and a half. Cossack was double that distance in front of Orchid. Thus Mr. J. B. Joel's big horse for the third year in succession has won the July Cup, and gains the title of champion sprinter.

The Duke of Devonshire came in the day, the satisfaction of seeing his colours scored on the Claque, and in the Two-Year-Old Plate—race which brought out some twenty runners. Chief danger was feared from Economical and Keenam, but neither of them made much of a show, and the Claque fully found the greatest opposition from Egypt. The latter failed to catch her at any point from flag-fall to finish. Mr. Steddale subsequently paid 470 guineas for the winner.

Mr. Steddale earlier in the week had purchased Assion for 390 guineas, and that horse, although he had not the best of the start, behind Gilbert Orme, Camphor, and Gascony in the Seling Plate, went within an ace of scoring. The book said that it was any odds on Gilbert Orme beating Gascony, but the market, which is usually a safe guide, told a different tale. Gascony, indeed, opened at liberal rates, and was backed down to 9 to 4.

Gascony was travelling well on the stand side, but Assion on the other extreme went to the front in the last half-mile, and a most exciting race up the hill with Camphor ended in the defeat of Assion by a short head. Camphor afterwards realised 580 guineas at auction.

Llangibby had scarcely anything to do in the Exeter Stakes to beat Lord Ellesmere's Koorhaan,

while the third competitor was altogether outclassed. Backers were all at sea in the Maiden Handicap. Weatherwise, on the strength of a reported trial, was in great demand, but gave way in the market to the Hather gelding, which was backed with remarkable confidence, and there was also considerable money for Double Cherry. There had been a tip for Uncle Marcus, but his number was removed from the frame. The winner turned up in Comet, who drew out in the bottom to win very cleverly from Burgundy and a dozen others.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

- 1.0—Welter Handicap—ASTOLAT.
- 2.0—All-Aged Selling Plate—ROYAL RIVER.
- 3.0—Princess's Plate—TEDWORTH or RIVAUX.
- 3.0—Fulbourne Stakes—GOLDEN GLEAM.
- 3.0—Waterbeach Handicap Plate—SHERWOOD'S SELECTED.

SPECIAL SELECTION.
ROYAL RIVER.

GREY FRIARS.

THE TWO BEST THINGS.

Wiring from Newmarket last night "The Squire" says:

"To-morrow, the last day of the meeting at Newmarket, should bring forth some more capital sport, and I expect to see the following successful:-"

- 1.30—All-Aged Plate—THE PAGAN.
- 3.30—Ellesmere Stakes—ROBERT LE DIABLE."

RACING RETURNS.

NEWMARKET—THURSDAY.

2.0—TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE of 200 sovs; those entered to start for 500 sovs allowed 7lb; if for 200 sovs allowed 14½lb. Chesterfield Course (five furlongs) for two-year-olds by ROYAL HAMPTON.

Sir Ernest Cassell's 7st 9lb (2200) E. Brown

Lord Derby's by Persimmon—Guernesey Lily, 8st 12lb

Duke of Portland's Ormsby, 8st 12lb... M. Cannon

Mr. J. Wallace's Corindon, 8st 9lb... J. Jarvis

Mr. W. M. Merris' by Perigord—Heather, 8st 12lb

Mr. R. H. Henning's Bella Lade, 8st 2lb... Bullock

Mr. W. Low's by Velazquez—Mets III, 8st 2lb (2500)

Mr. G. Miller's by Rothchild's Pieces of Eight, 7st 12lb (2500)

Mr. E. Lamb's Dredger, 7st 9lb (2200) J. H. Cannon

Mr. G. Miller's Landau & Co., 7st 9lb (2200) R. Wilson

Mr. F. L. Lunn's Morris, 7st 9lb (2200)... R. Wilson

Mr. F. Master's Economical, 7st 9lb (2200)... Madden

Mr. L. Neumann's Keenam, 7st 9lb (2200)... W. Lane

Mr. T. Phillips' Green Berry, 7st 9lb (2200)... W. Lane

Mr. A. Steddale's by... J. Jarvis

Mr. A. Steddale's Assiour, 7st 11lb (2200) W. Lane

Mr. W. G. Singer's GASCONY, 7st 9lb (2200) M. Cannon

Mr. G. Miller's Colonel Woza, 5sts 7lb (2200)

Mr. G. Miller's by... J. Jarvis

Mr.

ANDREW (7st 6lb), Pure Gold (6st 10lb), and Pradella (6st 8lb) started.

SALTWATER (8st 4lb) was fourth and last to Rock Sand (9st 10lb), Sandy (8st 5lb), and Seepie (9st 9lb) at Windsor last Saturday.

PERORATION (8st 3lb) ran wide in the race won by Rydal Head (8st 3lb) at Ascot in June. 1m. 5 fms. At Hurst Park previously PERORATION (9st 9lb) ran easily from Antonio (8st 9lb) and The Scrope (9st 8lb). 1m. 2 fms.

TRIAL AT NEWMARKET.

R. Marsh's Merchant (H. Jones) beat Sadler, senior's Early Bird (R. Jones) over five furlongs; won by a neck.

ORDER OF RUNNING AT WORCESTER.

Emile	2st	2.30
Stanton	Plate	2.30
Hindley	Maiden Plate	3.0
Prudential	Handicap	3.0
City Weller Handicap	3.0	4.30
Coventry	Maiden Plate	

LIVERPOOL CUP WEIGHTS.

Bachelor's	yrs st lb	Prince Royal	yrs st lb	William	yrs st lb
Bachelor's Button	6 8 0	Kidgass	4 7 2	Happy Hill	3 6 12
Seafarer	5 7 2	Medium	5 6 12		
Kroonstad	4 8 0	Bellefonte	6 7 2		
Whistler	5 7 2	Newshay	3 7 2		
Crow	4 8 4	Andrea	4 7 2	Killavane	3 6 10
Palmy Day	4 8 5	Ferrara	6 7 1	Catty Crag	4 6 9
Glovers	4 8 0	Cardinal	7 7 1	Court	3 6 8
Gower	4 7 3	Caro	5 7 0	Scandal	3 6 8
Love Charms	4 7 0	Swan Swift	3 6 13	Altair	3 6 8
Goodwin	4 7 0	Wing	3 6 13	Vergilia	3 6 0
Likely Bird	7 9 0	Cates	3 6 13		

JOCKEY CLUB CUP.

The following amended list of entries for the Jockey Club Cup is published in yesterday's "Racing Calendar":

	yrs	Wild Oats	yrs	Chatsworth	yrs	Day, not out	yrs
Sceptre	5	Wild Oats	4	Cuttell	197	Hemmingsay, not out	57
Bachelor's Button	5	Kroonstad	4	A. M. Bresce	197	Extras	8
		Rock Sand	4	S. T. Amanat	197		

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Derby, Mr. E. R. H. B. and Mr. H. E. B. have each a selected nomination, which will not be opened until after the running for the Cambridgeshire.

YESTERDAY'S BLOODSTOCK SALES.

There were some exceedingly nice-looking yearlings submitted for sale in the Park paddocks, Newmarket, yesterday morning, but buyers were shy though in some cases the prices were high.

The Diamond Jubilee colt—Dame Agneta—was secured by Mr. L. S. Poidevin at 1,850 guineas out of Mr. Russell Swannick's lot, but this well-known breeder had to be content with 840 guineas for two others—Flair and Dame Fortune.

Sir D. Cooper's fillies failed to reach their reserves; but a Persimmon colt out of Clef d'Or, the property of the late Lord Arlington, went to Mr. Lusenbach for 340 guineas.

FATHER OF THE TURF DEAD.

The death is announced of Mr. W. M. Redfern, one of the oldest patrons of sport, and generally known as "The Father of the Turf," which took place yesterday morning at his London residence.

Mr. Redfern, aged 85, in his fifty-fifth year. His colours—blue white stripes, red cap—have not been seen out on the racecourse so frequently of late years as they were a decade ago, he having recently disposed of his horses.

Among the better-known horses that have carried Mr. Redfern's pretty lively to the fore mention may be made of Yard Arm, Fatherless, Hampton Prince, Ravensworth, Princess Fairy, Tennis, and Wolf.

SCORING EXTRAORDINARY.

Iremonger's century against Lancashire yesterday was his fourth in successive matches. In his last five innings he has scored more than 80 runs, actually 300, and three C. F. For a aggregate of 180, when he scored his record run of six consecutive centuries.

Iremonger's last five scores are as follows:—

27 v. Kent

40 v. Middlesex

142 v. Derbyshire

49 v. Derbyshire

197 v. Lancashire

849 average 21.25.

*Signs not out.

This probably creates a record for five consecutive innings in first-class cricket.

The following hundreds were hit yesterday:—

Total	Batsmen	Time	Best hits.
197	Iremonger (Notts)	290min.	24 4's.
124	G. Curgenven (Derby)	235min.	17 4's.
123	A. S. Glover (Warwick)	210min.	13 4's.

HENLEY PRACTICE.

Several trials took place at Henley yesterday morning. The river was very high, with a light breeze from the Bushy side of the river.

The Winning four rowed over the full course in 8min. 7sec., doing the first half in 3min. 5sec.

Lord Mahon rowed a full course in 9min. 4sec. The London Rowing Club's second eight ran into a pile, smashing a low outrigger.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

Yesterday in town there was no response to an offer of £100 to 800 against Pretty Polly for the St. Leger.

The stewards of the National Hunt Committee have withdrawn the notice of warning-off, published on April 24, so far it related to John Poletti.

Both pony and cycle contests will decide in competition with the Richmond Gymkhana, which will be held to-morrow afternoon at the Richmond Athletic Ground.

It was stated that Mr. D. J. Jardine, the owner of Evangeline, has lodged an appeal against the decision of the Committee to disqualify her horse to be a runner for the Carisbrooke Two-Year-Old Plate on Wednesday.

In a tennis match at Lord's yesterday, C. ("Pinch") Fairs beat the French professional Ferdinand Garin, by 3 sets to 1, the score being 4-6, 6-0, 4-6, 6-2. In a match at Prince's Court earlier in the week the French player proved successful.

The "Racing Calendar" states that there was no challenge for the cup at present, but Mr. Alexander, on the "Daily Mirror," which may be challenged for in the same manner as the cup, and which at present held by Sir E. Cassel, must be challenged for on the Tuesday after the Second July Meeting.

IREMONGER IRREPRESSIBLE.

The Great Notts Batsman Scores His Fourth Hundred in Five Innings.

Winning the toss, and going in first on a fast wicket at Trent Bridge yesterday, Notts made good use of their opportunity, keeping their opponents in the field all day, finally losing three wickets in scoring 363 runs. The totalisation of this capital score was laid by Iremonger who had in about two hours put up 109 for the first wicket.

Jones, who had the misfortune to play on, gave a dexterous display that was quite free from any blemish. He hardly lost a ball with his usual freedom, but he made a number of fine strokes all round the wicket. His score included eight 4's.

Well as the Notts captain played, he had quite overshadowed him, added another to the score of his recent batting triumphs. He stayed in until the score was 345, being third out, and contributed 197. When 109 had been badly missed at extra mid-off by Horsey, he was the only batsman left, and he held out until the ball lost it. That and two faulty strokes through the slips were the only blemishes in a masterly exhibition of solid defence and powerful play from the front of the wicket. In the end he had 109 runs, his four hours and twenty minutes, and hit twenty-four 4's. This is the fourth hundred that Iremonger has obtained in five successive innings for Notts.

John Groom stayed in for three-quarters of an hour for the second wicket, while 62 runs were added, and Iremonger found an even better partner in Day, the third partnership, which lasted just over two hours and reached 109.

With Bradley still on the injured list, and Huddleston not available, MacLaren did not have sufficient bowling at his command.

Present score:—

NOTTS.

Iremonger, c. Worley b. Day, not out

Cuttell, c. G. Wright b. Hemmingsay, not out

G. Curgenven, c. Cuttell b. Extras

J. Groom, c. Cuttell b. Extras

H. H. Day, c.

